

THE GRAPHIC

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WITH TWO COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS
"The Four Seasons: Winter" and "A Portrait of
Rembrandt"

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

From a Photograph by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin

Topics of the Week

The Bagdad Railway

THE virtual conclusion of the negotiations for the construction of the Mesopotamian or Bagdad Railway is an achievement upon which German diplomacy and German finance are to be congratulated. A rather difficult point still remains to be settled, in the shape of the allocation of the sources of revenue for the payment of the Kilometric guarantee, but there can be little doubt that this will be speedily and satisfactorily arranged. Ever since the strategic value of the railway dawned on the Sultan, he has been as anxious to grant the concession as the Germans have been to secure it. Recent events at Koweyt, and a feeling that the Padishah is losing his hold on his remoter vassals, have quickened official Turkish interest in the scheme, as is evidenced by the conditions laid down in the new convention for serving the military exigencies of Asiatic Turkey. Hence there is little prospect of a hitch in solving the guarantee question. The Sultan has, however, not been the only potentate concerned in the German-Turkish negotiations. The interests of both France and Russia have been affected by the railway scheme, and it would be interesting to learn how their acquiescence has been secured. So far as France is concerned the explanation is clear. French capitalists have been virtually admitted to a partnership in the railway, and this is quite sufficient to safeguard French interests. The Russian acquiescence is more obscure. Russian newspapers talk of compensations in Persia, and it is not at all improbable that Germany's benevolent neutrality has been secured in that country as it was secured in Manchuria. On that point British vigilance will have to be exercised. Meanwhile we can only regard the railway *quid* railway as a most useful project, and one which realised, will be a worthy monument to German enterprise. Commercially it will be of enormous value, especially to this country. All roads which lead to the East are primarily built to serve British interests. *Teste*, the Suez Canal. The new line will provide a more rapid mail route between England and India, and this is an obvious advantage on which we can only congratulate ourselves. Politically it is also likely to prove advantageous. The new European interest which it will create in Asiatic Turkey, under the aegis of Germany and France, must make for the stability of the political conditions of that region, and thus relieve Great Britain of a heavy responsibility and a considerable source of anxiety. The integrity of Turkey, which even so staunch a Radical as Sir Charles Dilke acknowledges to be a great British interest, is now practically safe both in Europe and in Asia.

The Circuit System

COMPLAINTS have been made for years past of the Circuit system which has now lasted in this country, with few variations, for a good many centuries. Some of the defects of the system are very obvious. It is costly, and in some respects a trifle ludicrous. Even the most reverent-minded citizen can hardly forbear to smile at the spectacle of judge and clerk, with trumpeters and all the paraphernalia of Assize, appearing at some insignificant county town to try a couple of cases of petty larceny. The first reform is to confine the work of the Assizes to serious cases, whether civil or criminal. The tax upon the judges of the High Court would thus be lightened, and by a judicious grouping of counties it might be possible to save a great many days that are now wasted in unnecessary journeys. Before, however, this reform can be accomplished, it is obviously necessary to make some provision for the better hearing of the minor cases now often reserved for the Assizes. So far as civil business is concerned, the remedy which at once suggests itself is an enlargement of the jurisdiction of the County Courts. This is a reform which has been repeatedly demanded by the Chambers of Commerce, and it is difficult to find any reason for the neglect of the Government to carry it into effect. The judges of the County Courts have been progressively improving, and now command in many cases as much confidence as the judges of the High Court. They get through their work much more rapidly, and the whole procedure is simpler and less costly. An enlargement of their jurisdiction would not only relieve the Assizes, but would also keep in the country many cases that are now unnecessarily dragged up to London. For criminal business the most hopeful solution proposed is the improvement of Quarter Sessions. Many Quarter Sessional benches enjoy the advantage of having a trained lawyer for chairman, and their work is well done. Of some of the other benches it is well to say little. It is, however, by no means easy to find a local resident who has had legal experience. Possibly the difficulty might be got over by doubling the

functions of the County Court judge, and making it part of his duty to preside over Quarter Sessions. Such a change would add to the dignity of his office, and would certainly add to the efficiency of a useful court that might well be made more useful still.

The Income Tax

WHILE there is no disposition in any class of the community to grudge the cost of upholding British supremacy in South Africa, the income tax payer has strong reason for calling upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to recast his existing scheme of taxation. People of moderate means are unquestionably hit hard by this unpopular impost, and those traders and manufacturers who supply their wants also suffer large loss. The middle-class householder, whose income is above the highest exemption level, finds it a very difficult thing to have to pay fourteenpence in the pound instead of the nimble sixpence which used to satisfy the collector. If he has been in the habit of living up to his means, as a good many folks do in thrifless England, he proceeds to retrench expenditure on superfluities, and his tradesmen have so much the less business out of which to make profits. But the revenue also suffers loss to an extent proportionate to the increased burden; among the superfluities which are dispensed with, not a few pay duty to the State through the Customs or the Excise. Even from that standpoint, therefore, the argument for affording some measure of relief to the victim should carry great weight with the Government. But there is another, and perhaps a stronger argument; income tax payers are, it is clear, shaking off the apathy which in the past has marked them down as convenient toads to place under the Treasury harrow, and there will assuredly be widespread revolt from allegiance to the existing Ministry if Sir M. Hicks-Beach hardens his heart and deafens his ears to their indignant outcry. It does not rest with the Press to say how the deficit consequent on reducing the impost could best be made good, but we feel very sure that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could easily find some substitute in indirect taxation on imports if he were not governed by the idea that the income tax payer is a sort of eel who has grown used to being skinned.

The Court

THE CORONATION

THE State progress of the King and Queen through their good City of London is at last definitely announced for June 27—the day after the Coronation. Moreover, the route has been slightly shortened from the original suggestion, and follows the line of the Jubilee procession of 1897. Starting from Buckingham Palace by the Sovereign's Gate the procession will go by Constitution Hill and Hyde Park to Piccadilly, St. James's Street and Pall Mall, thence to the Strand and Fleet Street, passing the south side of St. Paul's to Cheapside and along King William Street to London Bridge. Across the water the route is by Borough High Street and Westminster Bridge Road to St. Thomas's Hospital, across Westminster Bridge to Westminster Hall, where possibly some brief ceremonial may take place. Thence through Parliament Street to the Horse Guards, and back through the Mall to Buckingham Palace. After the lengthy Coronation ceremonials of the previous day this will be a sufficiently tiring day's work, and yet the King has fixed the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead for the following day, Saturday the 28th.

THE KING AND QUEEN

On Sunday, the King and Queen, with the Royal Family and their guests, attended Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor preached. In the afternoon, the bands of the Horse Guards and Scots Guards played on the East Terrace at the Castle, where crowds came in spite of the biting wind and sleet, and the Royal party opened their windows to hear the music. These bands also played in turn each night at the Castle dinner-parties, where their Majesties entertained numerous guests besides those staying in the house. The King and Queen will spend most of the next few weeks in town, with occasional visits to Norfolk. The first Levée of the season is fixed for February 11th, at St. James's, and both here and at the coming Drawing Rooms the rules of entry are made much more strict. At the first Drawing Room all the Diplomatic Body and Ministers will be received, so that there will be room for very few beyond those having the *entree*, while, of course, no one can now attend without an invitation. When the Queen cannot preside at any of these functions the Princess of Wales will take her place. The King's visit to the Riviera is still hoped for, while Queen Alexandra will spend Easter in Denmark in order to be with her father for his eighty-fourth birthday on April 10.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST

Dartmouth and Devonport are preparing a cordial reception for their Majesties next month. On reaching the town on March 7 the King and Queen will drive at once to Mount Boone, where they lay the foundation-stone of the Royal Naval College to be built at the cost of a quarter of a million. Thence their Majesties go straight to Plymouth, whence they drive to Devonport to sleep on board the *Victoria and Albert*. Next morning the King and Queen will pay a brief visit to the Earl of Mount Edgemount at his beautiful house on the Hamoaze, as the tide prevents the battleship *Queen* being launched till late in the afternoon. Queen Alexandra will christen the vessel, and afterwards their Majesties return to town.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

EVERYONE has complained bitterly with regard to the matinee hat nuisance. Indeed, I believe I myself have ventured on a few mild expostulations on the subject. Great as the nuisance may be, we are threatened with something more formidable. The other day I spoke of being at the theatre, and by reason of an absurd hat in front of me, I was only able to see a fourth of the performance. Such obstructions have, however, up to now been confined only to morning representations. But an old friend tells me he took seats at Drury Lane Theatre the other night, and in front of him were sitting two ladies with their hair dressed in a complete circle round their heads, and evidently stretched on pads or frames, so that the stage was completely hidden from himself and his companion. Now, as my friend remarks, you can ask a lady to take off her hat, but you can hardly suggest that she should disengage her *coiffure*, so what is to be done? This experience, added to the prospect of increased height and breadth, as applied to feminine hair-dressing, suggests much trouble in the future. Seeing the high prices now paid in all reserved places of the theatre, the managers are bound to see that you have a clear view of the stage. I am inclined to think that a ticket bought and paid for beforehand constitutes an implied contract, and if the aforesaid ticket were duly stamped at Somerset House, and, by reason of some obstruction you could not see the performance, you could proceed against the manager for not only refundment of the money but for damages as well.

"Why not say something about the Bakespeare and Shaeon controversy?" I am asked. Why? Because people do not expect to find in this column what they can read at length elsewhere; and, after all, I don't know that it is very interesting. We are fortunate enough to possess a certain number of excellent plays, but I think it is quite immaterial whether they were written by Shakespeare or Bacon, or by Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Besides, I have my own theory on the subject which I do not for a moment expect would find general acceptance, though that does not for a moment prevent my theory from being correct. Oh, you would like to know what it is, would you? Well, I will tell you in the strictest confidence. My notion is that the plays of Shakespeare were the work of a syndicate. The members of this syndicate consisted of a few great men, some fluent writers of moderate ability and a sprinkling of silly fools. This will account for the inequality of the dramas as a whole. When the first-named class are in the ascendancy, works of genius are produced, when the second have the upper hand the result is verbosity, length, and dullness, and when the third come upon the scene, we have the dreary monologues and conversations, which approach perilously near to the idiotic, and which are generally put into the mouth of what is called "the Shakespearian clown." For sheer unmeaning nonsense, for downright drivell, for absolute imbecility, commend me to some of the speeches of the Shakespearian clown. And yet I am told this is dry humour.

A new street danger! The other day, I read in the papers, a motor-car, when its driver was in a shop transacting business, took it into its head to have a little run on its own account, and succeeded in maiming several harmless foot-passengers, as well as nearly killing an old gentleman who was crossing the road. Now what has happened to the driver, and has anybody ascertained why he left his machine in this dangerous and unprotected state? When such a vehicle is left without a pilot the driving apparatus should be so securely locked that there is no possibility of its being tampered with. The motor-car, unprotected in this wise, offers a most irresistible temptation to mischievous boys. They would get aboard, start it, then get frightened and jump off again, leaving the car to urge on its wild career, and cause no end of damage and fatal accidents.

Though not going so far as the rude person who likened the small writer inditing a preface to the work of a great author as "the monkey on the organ," I must say the British public seems to be getting a bit weary of "introductions." Though, of course, there are occasions when it is interesting to hear what distinguished scribes have to say of their brethren, their opportunities are rare, as the aforesaid writers seem, for the most part, to be convinced of the inutility of the practice. And they are possibly right. The system of writing introductions was well enough a hundred years ago, when education was in a very different state to what it is at the present time. But nowadays the chances are, the British public is fully as conversant with the great author, and quite as capable of understanding him, as the writer who is supposed to exploit him. If introductions must be written, it would be a blessing if their authors were to confine their attention to many books of the present day, which certainly require explanation as to what they mean or why they should be published.

More tramway terrors are in store for us! I regret to learn that the old-fashioned riverside roadway, Barnes Terrace, is threatened. It is proposed to demolish some of the quaint old houses, to cut down the fine row of lime trees, all to make way for the irrepressible Bogey Tram. Not only will this picturesque spot be spoiled, but the value of house property hereabouts will seriously diminish. A good deal of spoliation has been going on in this neighbourhood of late years. At Mortlake Buggins the Builder has worked his wicked will, much to the detriment of the neighbourhood. There is a fine old mansion—immortalised in a celebrated picture by Turner—whereat I have spent many happy hours in days ago. It used to have a superb lime avenue reaching as far as the railway. The house, I believe, still exists, but the last time I was in the neighbourhood I found those noble trees had disappeared altogether and a number of little sickly pale brick houses were springing up like mushrooms in every direction.

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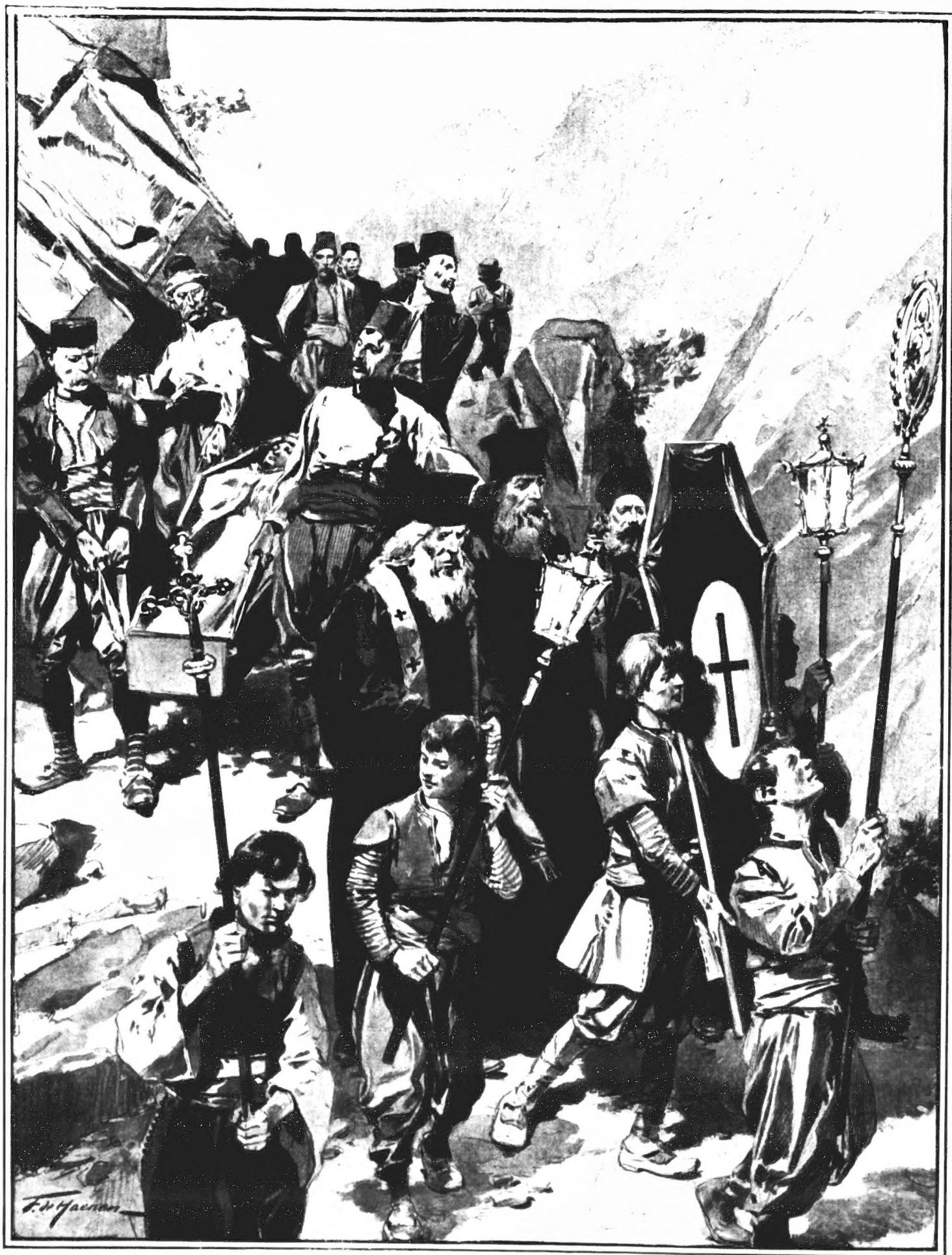
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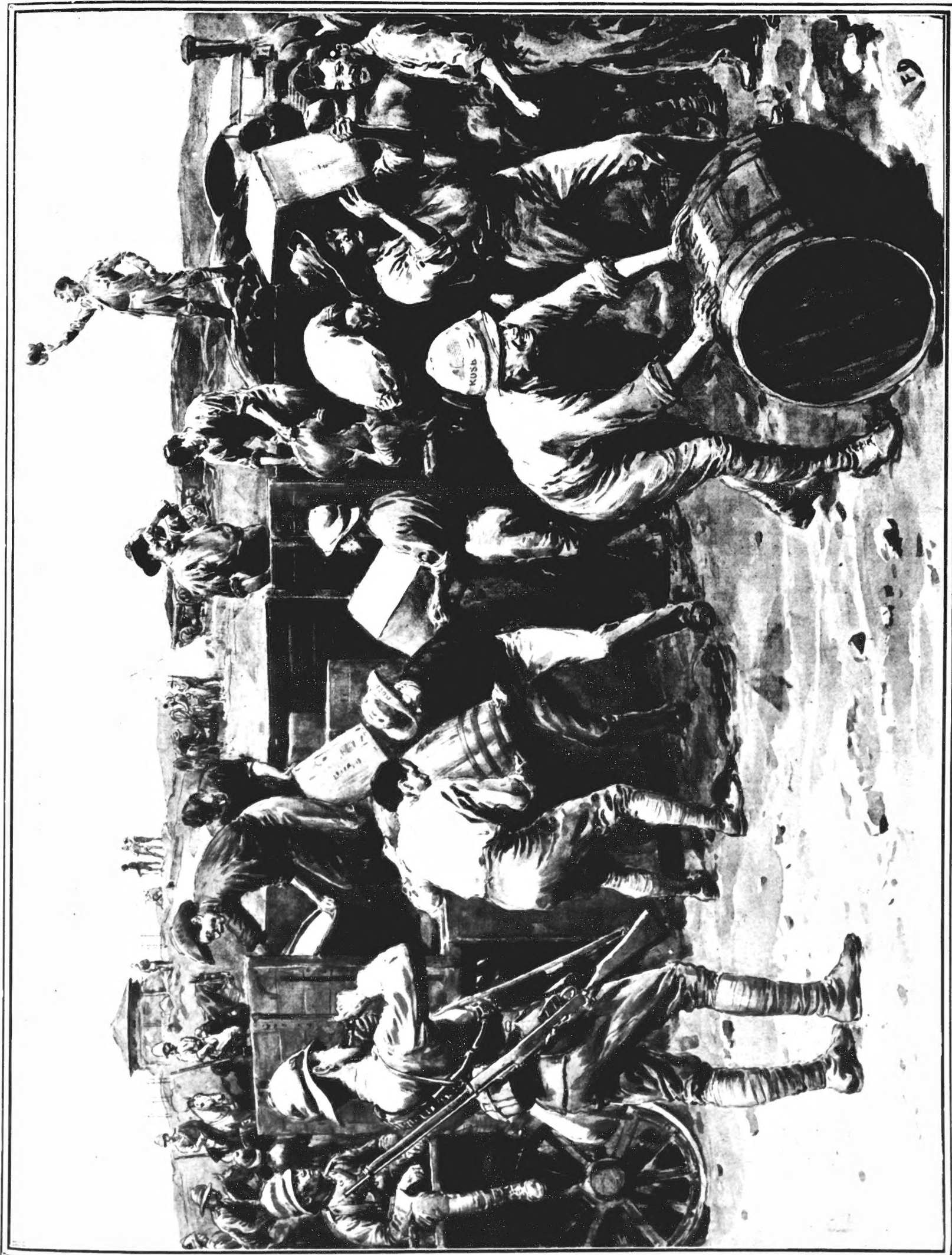
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Our Special Artist, who has been despatched to the Turco-Bulgarian frontier to investigate the circumstances of the capture of Miss Stone, writes of an incident that occurred during an enforced delay in his journey:—"The Greeks carry their dead in a coffin which is not closed down. The corpse is dressed in new clothes, the sleeves of which are folded neatly over the breast. It

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

is impressive to meet one of these mournful processions on a mountain road, the boys in front with crosses and lanterns and the coffin lid, the priest next to them chanting prayers, the open coffin, the men mourners close behind, and the women by themselves bringing up the rear."

A GREEK FUNERAL ON THE TURCO-BULGARIAN FRONTIER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

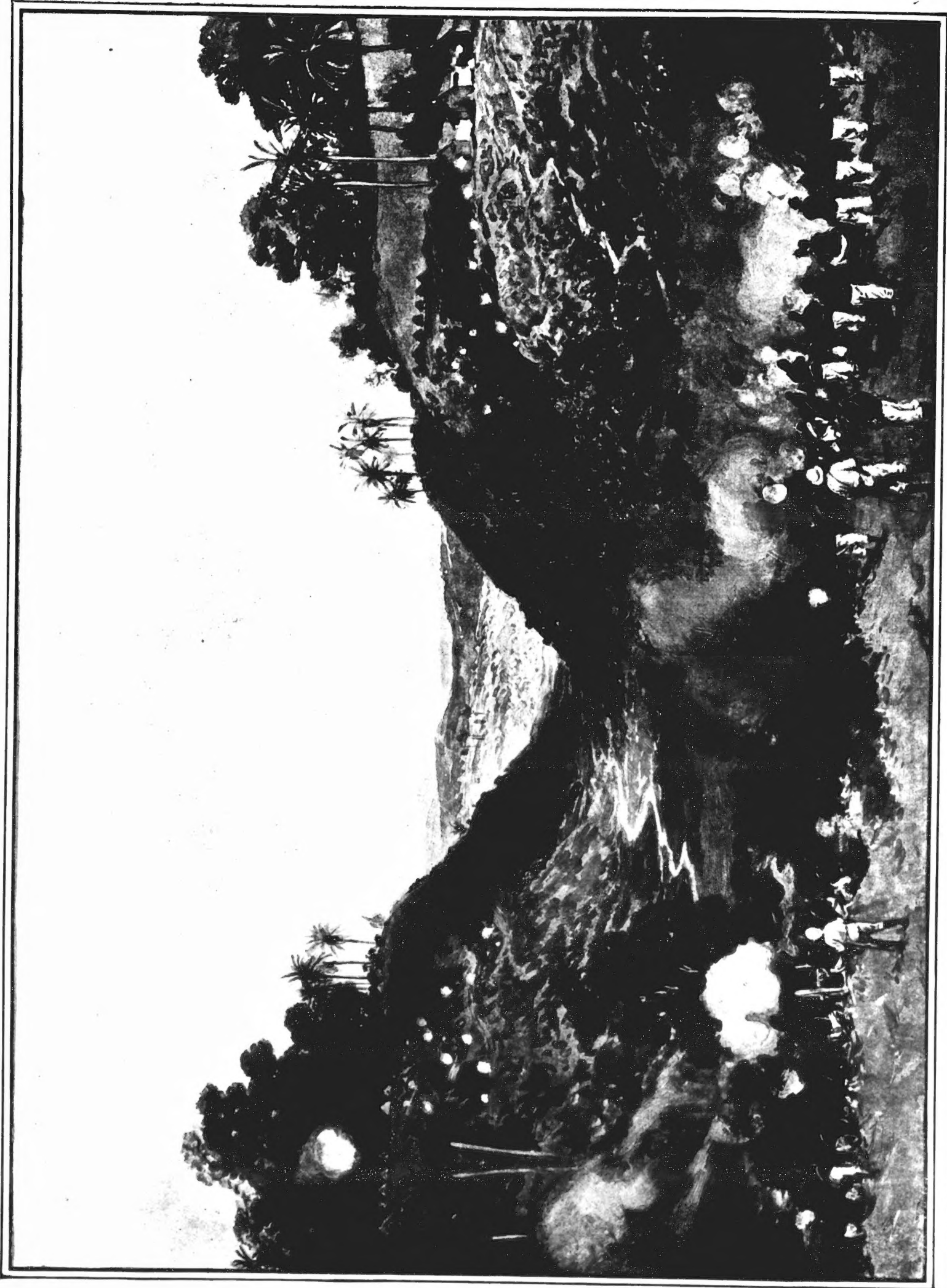
The troops in South Africa were not forgotten during the season of goodwill. In addition to the many things sent them by kind friends at home, and in the Colonies, that excellent institution, the Field Force Canteen, provided for the Christmas Dinner of every soldier in the

Field being supplemented by plum pudding and beer. A pipe and tobacco were also supplied. For days before December 25, depots, bases, and centres of distribution were more than busy.

and convoys by rail and road carried extra weight, that none within reach might be without the means of fitly celebrating the festival

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. W. G. STONOR

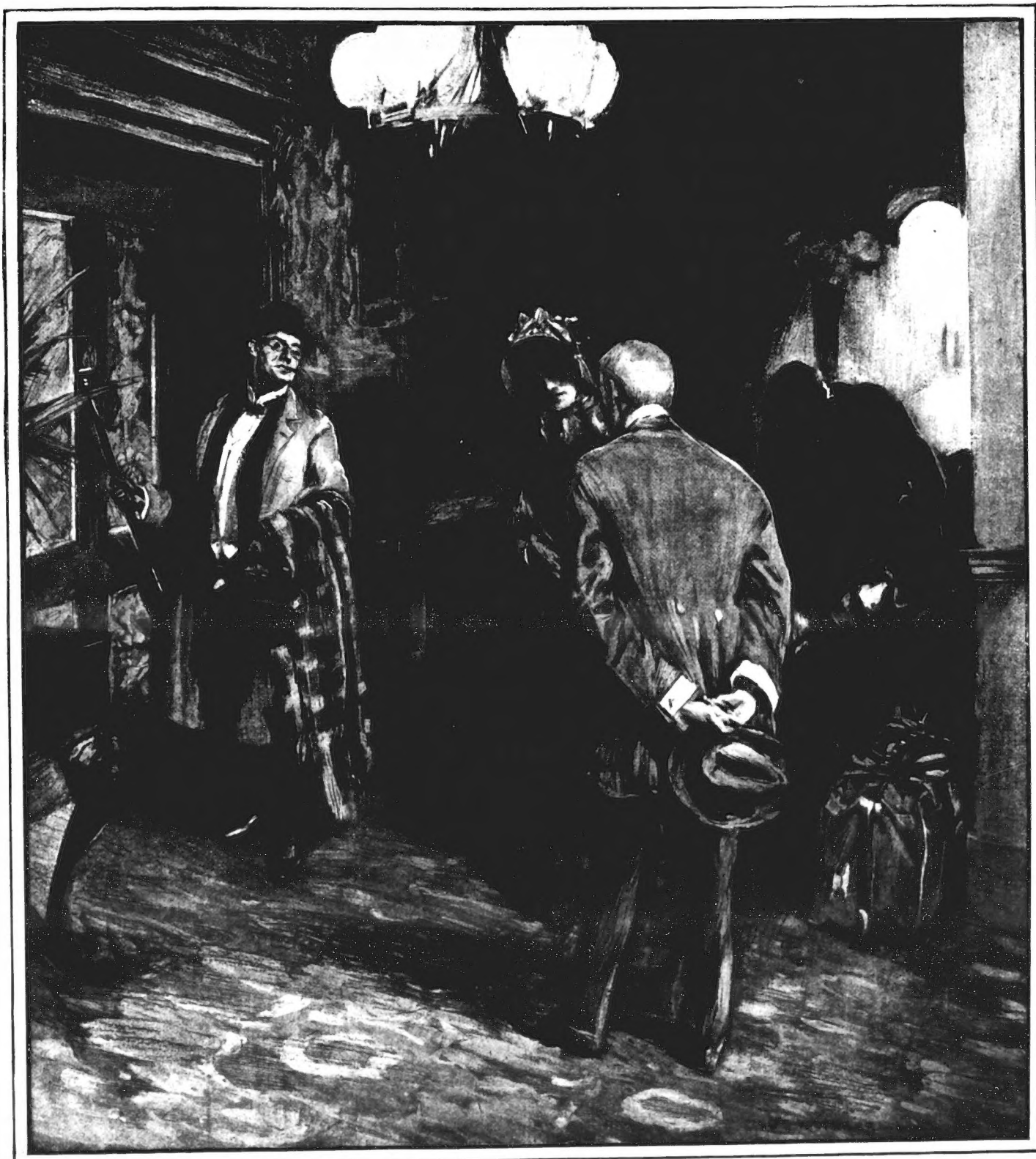
CHRISTMAS ON THE VELDT: ARRIVAL OF A CONVOY OF GOOD CHEER AT AN ADVANCED POST



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

At the beginning of December, the second column of the Aro Expedition left Umuahia on the Cross River and recommenced towards Beade. The troops passed through Ekole, the capital of the Adia country, without resistance, but on its return the natives endeavoured to shut it in and prevent its reaching Umuahia again. The villages on the heights were destroyed after some resistance, and the road from Umuahia to Beade opened by December 17, after three days' fighting.

WITH THE ARO EXPEDITION: THE DESTRUCTION OF EKOLE



"Joseph Mangles tapped the number on the door in order to draw Deulin's attention to it. 'Always welcome,' he said. 'Funny we should meet here. Means mischief, I suppose.' 'I suppose it does,' answered Deulin, looking guilelessly at Netty."

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued)

"I know who you are," said Cartoner, quietly: "I recognised you from your likeness to your sister. I was dancing with her forty-eight hours ago in London."

"Wanda?" inquired the other, eagerly. "Dear old Wanda—how is she? She was the prettiest girl in the room, I bet."

He leant across the table.

"Tell me," he said, "all about them. But, first, tell me your name. Wanda writes to me nearly every day, and I hear about all their friends—the Orlays and the others. What is your name? She is sure to have made mention of it in her letters?"

"Reginald Cartoner."

"Ah! I have heard of you—but not from Wanda."

He paused to reflect.

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"No," he added, rather wonderingly, after a pause. "No, she never mentioned your name. But, of course, I know it. It is better known out of England than in your own country, I fancy. Deulin—you know Deulin?—has spoken to us of you. No doubt we have dozens of other friends, in common. We shall find them out, in time. I am very glad to meet you. You say you know my name—yes, I am Martin Bukaty. Odd that you should have recognised me from my likeness to Wanda. I am very glad you think I am like her. Dear old Wanda! She is a better sort than I am, you know."

And he finished with a frank and hearty laugh—not that there was anything to laugh at, but merely because he was young, and looked at life from a cheerful standpoint.

Cartoner sipped his coffee, and looked reflectively at his companion over the cup. "Cartoner," Paul Deulin had once said to a common friend, "weighs you, and naturally finds you wanting." It seemed that he was weighing Prince Martin Bukaty now.

"I saw your father also," he said, at length. "He was kind enough to ask me to call, which I did."

"That was kind of you. Of course, we know no one in London—no one, I mean, who speaks anything except English. That is a thing which is never quite understood on the Continent—that if you go to London you must speak English. If you cannot you had better hang yourself and be done with it, for you are practically in solitary confinement. My father does not easily make friends—you must have been very civil to him."

"According to my lights, I was," admitted Cartoner.

Martin laughed again. It is a gay heart that can be amused at three in the morning.

"The truth is," continued Martin, in his quick and rather heedless way, "that we Poles are under a cloud in Europe now. We are the wounded man by the side of the road from Jerusalem down to Jericho, and there is a tendency to pass by on the other side. We are a nation with a bad want, and it is nobody's business to satisfy it."

Everybody is ready, however, to admit that we have been considerably badly treated."

He tossed off his coffee as he spoke, and turned in his chair to nod an acknowledgment to the profound bows of a gold-faced official who had approached him, and who now tendered an envelope, with some murmured words of politeness.

"Thank you, thank you," said Prince Martin, and slipped the envelope within his pocket.

"It is my passport," he explained to Cartoner, lightly. "All the rest of you will receive yours when you are in the train. Mine is the doubtful privilege of being known here, and being a suspected character. So they are doubly polite, and doubly watchful. As for you, at Alexander you rejoice in a happy obscurity. You will pass in with the crowd, I suppose."

"I always try to," replied Cartoner. Which was strictly true.

"You see," went on Martin, not so discreetly, considering their environments, "we cannot forget that we were a great nation before there was a Russian Empire, or an Austrian Empire, or a German Empire. We are a hand-lady who has seen better days; who has let her lodging to three foreign gentlemen who do not pay the rent—who make us clean their boots, and then cast them at our heads."

The doors of the great room had now been thrown open, and the passengers were passing slowly out on to the long, deserted platform. It was almost daylight now, and the train was drawn up in readiness to start, with a fresh engine and new officials. The homeliness of Germany had vanished, giving place to that subtle sense of discomfort and melancholy which hangs in the air from the Baltic to the Pacific coast.

"I hope you will stay a long time in Warsaw," said Martin, as they walked up the platform. "My father and sister will be coming home before long, and will be glad to see you. We will do what we can to make the place tolerable for you. We live in the Kotzebue, and I have a horse for you when you want it. You know, we have good horses in Warsaw, as good as any. And the only way to see the country is from the saddle. We have the best horses and the worst roads."

"Thanks, very much," replied Cartoner. "I, of course, do not know how long I shall stay. I am not my own master, you understand. I never know from one day to another what my movements may be."

"No," replied Martin, in the absent tone of one who only half hears. "No, of course not. By the way, we have the races coming on. I hope you will be here for them. In our small way, it is the season in Warsaw now. But, of course, there are difficulties—even the races present difficulties—there is the military element."

He paused, and indicated with a short nod the Russian officer who was passing to his carriage in front of them.

"They have the best horses," he explained. "They have more money than we have. We have been robbed, as you know. You, whose business it is."

He turned, with his foot on the step of the carriage. He was so accustomed to the recognition of his rank that he went first without question.

"Yes," he said, with a laugh. "I had quite forgotten that it is your business to know all about us."

"I have tried to remind you of it several times," answered Cartoner quietly.

"To shut me up, you mean?" asked the younger man.

"Yes."

Martin was standing at the door of Cartoner's compartment. He turned away with a laugh.

"Good-night," he said. "Hope you will get some more sleep. We shall meet again in a few hours."

He closed the sliding door, and as the train moved slowly out of the station Cartoner could hear the cheerful voice of a rather high timbre in conversation with the German attendant in the corridor. For, like nearly all his countrymen, Prince Martin was a man of tongues. The Pole is compelled by circumstances to learn several languages; first, his own; then the language of the conqueror, either Russian or German, or perhaps both. For social purposes he must speak the tongue of the two countries that promised so much for Poland and performed so little: England and France.

Cartoner sat on the vacant seat in his compartment, which had not been made up as a bed, and listened thoughtfully to the pleasant tones. It was broad daylight now, and the flat, carefully cultivated land was green and fresh. Cartoner looked out of the window with an unseeing eye, and the sleeping-carriage lumbered along in silence. The Englishman seemed to have no desire for sleep, though not being an impressionable man, he was usually able to rest and work, fast and eat at such times as might be convenient. He was considered by his friends to be a rather cold, steady man, who concealed under an indifferent manner an almost insatiable ambition. He certainly had given way to an entire absorption in his profession, and in the dogged acquirement of one language after another as occasion seemed to demand.

He had been, it was said, more than usually devoted to his profession, even to the point of sacrificing friendships, which from a social, and possibly from an ambitious point of view, could not have failed to be useful to him. Martin Bukaty was not the first man whom he had kept at arm's length. But in this instance the treatment had not been markedly successful, and Cartoner was wondering now why the Prince had been so difficult to offend.

He had refused the friendship, and the effect had only been to bring the friend nearer. Cartoner sat at the open window until the sun rose and the fields were dotted here and there with the figures of the red-clad peasant women working at the crops. At seven o'clock he was still sitting there, and soon after Prince Martin Bukaty, after knocking, drew back the sliding door and came into the compartment, closing the door behind him.

"I have been thinking about it," he said in his quick way, "and it won't do, you know, it won't do. You cannot appear in Warsaw as our friend. It would never do for us to show special attention to you. Anywhere else in the world, you understand, I am your friend, but not in Warsaw."

"Yes," said Cartoner, "I understand."

He rose as he spoke, for Prince Martin was holding out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said in his quiet way, and they shook hands as the train glided into Warsaw station.

In the doorway Martin turned and looked back over his shoulder.

"All the same, I don't understand why Wanda did not mention your name to me. She might have foreseen that we should meet. She is quick enough as a rule, and has already saved my father and me half a dozen times."

He waited for an answer, and at length Cartoner spoke. "She did not know that I was coming," he said.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN A REMOTE CITY.

THE Vistula is the backbone of Poland, and, from its source in the Carpathians to its mouth at Dantzic, runs the whole length of that which for three hundred years was the leading power of Eastern Europe. At Cracow—the tomb of many kings—it passes half round the citadel, a shallow sluggish river; and from the ancient capital of Poland to the present capital Warsaw it finds its way across the great plain, amid the cultivated fields, through the quiet villages of Galicia and Masovia.

Warsaw is built upon two sides of the river, the ancient town looking from a height across the broad stream to the suburb of Praga. In Praga, a hundred years ago—the Russians, under Suworow, slew thirteen thousand Poles; in the river between Praga and the citadel two thousand were drowned. Less than forty years ago a crowd of Poles assembled in the square in front of the Castle to protest against the tyranny of their conquerors. They were unarmed, and when the Russian soldiery fired upon them they stood and cheered, and refused to disperse. Again, in cold blood, the troops fired, and the Warsaw massacre continued for three hours in the streets.

Warsaw is a gay and cheerful town, with fine streets and good shops, with a cold grey climate, and a history as grim as that of any city in the world save Paris. Like most cities, Warsaw has its principal street, and, like all things Polish, this street has a terrible name—the Krakowski Przedmiescie. It is in this Krakowski Faubourg that the Hotel de l'Europe stands, where history in its time has played a part, where Kings and Princes have slept, where the Jew Herman was murdered, where the bodies of the first five victims of the Russian soldiery were carried after the massacre and there photographed, and finally where that great light from the West—Miss Julie P. Mangles—alighted one May morning looking a little dim and travel-stained.

"Told you," said Mr. Mangles to his sister, who for so lofty a soul was within almost measurable distance of "happinness." "Told you you would have nothing to complain of in the hotel, Jooly."

But Miss Mangles was not to be impressed or mollified. Only once before had her brother and niece seen this noble woman in such a frame of mind—on their arrival at the rising town of New Canterbury, Mass., when the deputation of Women Workers and Wishful Waiters for the Truth failed to reach the railway depot because they happened on a fire in a straw-hat manufactory on their way, and heard that the newest pattern of straw hat was to be had for the picking up in the open street.

There had been no deputation at Warsaw Station to meet Miss Mangles. London had not recognised her. Berlin had shaken its official head when she proposed to visit its plenipotentiaries, and hers was the ignoble position of the prophet not without honour in his own country—who cannot get a hearing in foreign parts.

"This is even worse than I anticipated," said Miss Mangles, watching the hotel porters in conflict with Miss Netty Cahere's large trunks.

"What is worse, Jooly?"

"Poland!" replied Miss Mangles in a voice full of foreboding, and yet with a ring of determination in it, as if to say that she had reformed worse countries than Poland in her day.

"I allow," said Mr. Mangles, slowly, "that at this hour in the morning it appears to be a one-horse country. You want your breakfast, Jooly?"

"Breakfast will not put two horses to it, Joseph," replied Miss Mangles, looking not at her brother, but at the imposing hotel concierge with a bland severity indicative of an intention of keeping him strictly in his place.

Miss Netty quietly relieved her aunt of the small impedimenta of travel, with a gentle deference which was better than words. Miss Cahere seemed always to know how to say or do the right thing, or, more difficult still, to keep the right silence. Either this, or the fact that Miss Mangles was conscious of having convinced her hearers that she was an expert in the lighter swordplay of

debate as in the rolling platform period, somewhat alleviated the lady's humour, and she turned towards the historic staircase, which had run with the blood of Jew and Pole, with a distinct air of condescension.

"Tell me," said Mr. Joseph Mangles to the concierge, in a voice of deep depression which only added to the incongruity of his French, "what languages you speak."

"Russian, French, Polish, German, English—"

"That'll do to go on with," interrupted Mangles, in his own tongue. "We'll get along in English. My name is Mangles."

Whereupon the porter bowed low, as to one for whom first floor rooms and a salon had been bespoken, and waived his hand towards the stairs, where stood a couple of waiters.

Of the party, Miss Cahere alone appeared cool and composed and neat. She might, to judge from her bright eyes and delicate complexion, have slept all night in a comfortable bed. Her hat and her hair had the appearance of having been arranged at leisure by a maid. Miss Netty had on the surface a little manner of self-deprecating flattery which sometimes seemed to conceal a deep and cooling calm. She had little worldly theories too, which she often enunciated in her confidential manner; and one of these was that one should always, in all places and at all times, be neat and tidy, for no one knows whom one may meet. And, be it noted in passing, there have been many successful human careers based upon this simple rule.

She followed the waiter upstairs with that soft rustle of the dress which conveys even to the obtuse masculine mind a care for clothes and the habit of dealing with a good dressmaker. At the head of the stairs she gave a little cry of surprise; for Paul Deulin was coming along the broad corridor towards her, swinging the key of his bedroom, and nonchalantly humming an air from a recent comic opera. He was, it appeared, as much at home here as in London or Paris or New York.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he said, standing hat in hand before her, "who would have dreamt of such a pleasure—here and at this moment—in this sad town?"

"You seemed gay enough—you were singing," answered Miss Cahere.

"It was a sad little air, mademoiselle, and I was singing flat. Perhaps you noticed it?"

"No, I never know when people are singing flat or not. I have no ear for music. I only know when I like to hear a person's voice. I have no accomplishments, you know," said Netty, with a little humble drawing in of the shoulders.

"Ah!" said Deulin, with a gesture which conveyed quite clearly his opinion that she had need of none. And he turned to greet Miss Mangles and her brother.

Miss Mangles received him coldly. Even the greatest of women is liable to feminine moments, and may know when she is not looking her best. She shook hands, with her platform bow from the waist, and passed on.

"Hallo!" said Joseph Mangles. "Got here before us? Thought you'd turn up. Dismal place, eh?"

"You have just arrived, I suppose?" said Deulin.

"Oh, please don't laugh at us!" broke in Netty. "Of course you can see that. You must know that we have just come out of a sleeping-car!"

"You always look, mademoiselle, as if you had come straight from heaven," answered Deulin, looking at Miss Cahere, whose hand was at her hair. It was pretty hair and a pretty, slim, American hand. But she did not seem to hear, for she had turned away quickly and was speaking to her uncle. Deulin accompanied them along the corridor, which is a long one, for the Hotel de l'Europe is a huge quadrangle.

"You startled me by your sudden appearance, you know," she said, turning again to the Frenchman, which was probably intended for an explanation of her heightened colour. She was one of those fortunate persons who blush easily—at the right time. "I am sure Uncle Joseph will be pleased to have you in the same hotel. Of course, we know no one in Warsaw. Have your friends here?"

"Only one," replied Deulin—"the waiter who serves the Zakuska counter, downstairs. I knew him when he was an Austrian nobleman, travelling for his health in France. He does not recognise me now."

"Will you stay long?"

"I did not intend to," replied Deulin, "when I came out of my room this morning."

"But you and Mr. Cartoner have Polish friends, have you not?" asked Netty.

"Not in Warsaw," was the reply.

"Suppose we shall meet again," broke in Joseph Mangles at this moment, halting on the threshold of the gorgeous apartment. He tapped the number on the door in order to draw Deulin's attention to it. "Always welcome," he said. "Funny we should meet here. Means mischief, I suppose."

"I suppose it does," answered Deulin, looking guilelessly at Netty.

He took his leave and continued his way downstairs. Out in the Krakowski Faubourg the sun was shining brightly and the world was already astir, while the shops were opening and buyers already hurrying home from the morning markets. It is a broad street, with palaces and churches on either side. Every palace has its story; two of them were confiscated by the Russian Government because a bomb, which was thrown from the pavement, might possibly have come from one of the windows. Every church has rung to the strains of the forbidden Polish hymn—"At Thy altar we raise our prayer; dear to

restore us, O Lord, our free country." Into almost all of them the soldiers have forced their way to make arrests.

Paul Deulin walked slowly up the faubourg towards the new town. The clocks were striking the hour. He took off his hat, and gave a little sigh of enjoyment of the fresh air and bright sun.

"Just Heaven, forgive me!" he said, with upturned eyes. "I have already told several lies, and it is only eight o'clock. I wonder whether I shall find Cartoner out of bed?"

He walked on in a leisurely way, brushing past Jew and Gentile, gay Cossack officers, and that dull Polish peasant who has assuredly lived through greater persecution than any other class of men. He turned to the right up a broad street and then to the left into a narrower, quieter thoroughfare, called the Jasma. The houses in the Jasma are mostly large with courtyards, where a few trees struggle for existence. They are let out in flats, or in even smaller apartments, where quiet people live—professors, lawyers, and other persons, who have an interest within themselves and are not dependent on the passer-by for entertainment.

Into one of these large houses Deulin turned, and gave his destination to the Russian doorkeeper as he passed the lodge. This was the second floor, and the door was opened by a quick-mannered man, to whom the Frenchman nodded familiarly.

"Is he up yet?" he inquired, and called the man by his Christian name.

"This hour, monsieur," replied the servant, leading the way along a narrow corridor. He opened a door, and stood aside for Deulin to pass into a comfortably furnished room, where Cartoner was seated at a writing-table.

"Good morning," said the Frenchman. As he passed the table he took up a book and went towards the window, where he sat down in a deep armchair. "Don't let me disturb you," he continued. "Finish what you are doing."

"News?" inquired Cartoner, laying aside his pen. He looked at Deulin gravely beneath his thoughtful brows. They were marvellously dissimilar—these friends.

"Bah!" returned Deulin, throwing aside the book he

Then they lapsed into silence, while Cartoner thought of his letter. Deulin, to judge from a couple of sharp sighs which caught him unawares, must have been thinking of Netty Cahere. At length the Frenchman rose and took his leave, making an appointment to dine with Cartoner that evening.

Out in the street he took off his hat to high heaven again.

"More lies!" he murmured, humbly.

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

THE Foreign Office has assuredly lost a brilliant and devoted servant in Dr. Wordsworth Poole, who died of typhoid this month at the British Legation in Peking, at the early age of thirty-three. Short as his career has been, it was full of distinction, for he had travelled far, observed much, put his whole heart into his work, and was absolutely unsparing of himself. Educated at St. Olave's school, where he won several scholarships, he proceeded to St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he took his M.B. degree, and afterwards became house surgeon at Guy's Hospital. From Guy's he went to Zomba, in British Central Africa, as principal medical officer under Sir Harry Johnston, and during his first leave after that appointment, was nominated as medical officer to the forces on the Niger Expedition, commanded by Sir Frederick, then Colonel, Lugard. He served there for a year and a half, and in recognition of his excellent work, the Government bestowed on him the "C.M.G." Although he was very desirous of returning to Africa with his chief, a severe attack of black-water fever rendered such a course impossible, and he accepted the post as surgeon to the British Legation at Peking just a few months before the now historic siege of the Legations took place. All who went through that siege will testify to his untiring devotion to the sick and wounded, his cheerful unselfishness and resource, and his wonderful power of "making the best" of conditions that were almost hopelessly discouraging. Mr. Allen, writing of him at this time, said that "he did the work of ten men;" Sir Claude Macdonald in his despatches spoke warmly of his energy, devotion, and unceasing kindness; and the French Government, in recognition of his services, offered him the Legion of Honour,

Mr. Thomas Milvain, the new Conservative M.P. for Hampstead, is the well-known K.C., whose latest public appointment was last year as chairman of the Commission to inquire into the claims for compensation put forward by foreigners removed from South Africa by the military authorities. He is a North countryman, in his fifty-eighth year, son of Mr. Henry Milvain, of North Elswick Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was educated at Durham School, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1866. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1869, took silk in 1888, and was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1893. He has been temporary Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham and Recorder of Bradford since 1892. He has already sat in the House, having been elected for Durham City in 1885, and re-elected in 1886, but was defeated in 1892. He was also unsuccessful for the Cockerham Division of Cumberland in 1895, and at a by-election for Maidstone in March last. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Two Portraits of Rembrandt

"REMBRANDT, PAINTED BY HIMSELF"

REMBRANDT was very busy in the year 1634, and had every inducement to be lazy, for he was in love, deeply in love, with a lady who was in every social way his superior, and who had all the advantages that a man could wish for in his bride—beauty, virtue, affection, wealth, and noble birth. Saskia van Uilenburgh loved the plebeian painter, and made her lover happy; and in this very year he married her. Yet the record of his performances show no fewer than eighteen pictures, of which the chief was the great "Descent from the Cross," now in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, and another, better known to Englishmen, the magnificent "Old Woman in a Ruft" in the National Gallery; and among the other sixteen pictures were portraits of Saskia, of course (whom he had been painting for a year or two previously), and not fewer than seven of himself, the one which forms our Supplement being now among the twenty-one canvases by Rembrandt which the Museum of Cassel can boast (No. 215). We see Rembrandt here, twenty-eight years old, in a sort of warlike fancy dress, as a man still young yet full of reserve force, his red cloak half hiding the steel gorget, and his plumed helmet with its high light



THE LATE DR. WORDSWORTH POOLE, C.M.G.
Surgeon to the British Legation at Peking



MR. THOMAS MILVAIN, K.C.
New M.P. for Hampstead



MR. W. RUNCIMAN
New M.P. for Dewsbury



LADY HELEN STEWART
Married last Saturday



LORD STAVORDALE

had picked up—"Lelewel's History of Poland," in Polish. "I tremble for your future, Cartoner. You take life so seriously—you, who need not work at all. Even uncles cannot live for ever, and some day you will be in a position to lend money to poor devils of French diplomatists. Think of that!"

He reflected for a moment.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "I have news of sorts—news which goes to prove that you are quite right to take an apartment instead of going to the hotel. The Mangles arrived here this morning—Mangles frère, Mangles sœur, and Miss Cahere. I say, Cartoner—" He paused, and examined his own boots with a critical air.

"I say, Cartoner, how old do you put me?"

"Fifty."

"All that, mon cher—all that! Old enough to play the part of an old fool who excels all other fools."

Cartoner took up his pen again. He had suddenly thought of something to put down, and in his odd, direct way proceeded to write, while Deulin watched him.

"I say," said the Frenchman at length, and Cartoner paused, pen in hand. "What would you think of me if I fell in love with Netty Cahere?"

"I should think you a very lucky man if Netty Cahere fell in love with you," was the reply.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," he said. "I have known you a good many years, and have gathered that that is your way of looking at things. You want your wife to be in love with you. Odd! I suppose it is English. Well, I don't know if there is any harm done, but I certainly had a queer sensation when I saw Miss Cahere suddenly this morning. You think her a nice girl?"

"Very nice," replied Cartoner, gravely.

Deulin looked at him with an odd smile, but Cartoner was looking at the letter before him.

"What I like about her is her quiet ways," suggested Deulin, tentatively.

"Yes?"

which, however, he did not accept. On the arrival of the relief force Dr. Wordsworth Poole himself succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid, and for many months after his seeming recovery suffered from acute rheumatism accompanied by great mental depression. Our portrait is by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

Mr. Walter Runciman, jun., the new Radical M.P. for Dewsbury, is the son of Mr. Walter Runciman, the head of the firm of Walter Runciman and Co., steamship owners and brokers of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Bishopgate Street. He was born at South Shields in November, 1870, and after being primarily educated at Newcastle, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honours in 1892. Thereafter he joined the paternal firm, and is now a managing director of the "Moor" line. Mr. Runciman sat for Oldham in 1899-1900; but at the last General Election was defeated by Mr. Winston Churchill. While a member of the House Mr. Runciman proved himself, for the short time he had a seat, a trenchant debater. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Lord Stavordale, son of the Earl of Ilchester, was married last Saturday, to Lady Helen Stewart, only daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. The ceremony was performed by the Primate of All Ireland, assisted by Canon Body, of Durham, the Rev. H. A. V. Boddy, Vicar of Grindon and chaplain to Lord Londonderry, and the Rev. John Storrs, of St. Peter's. The bridegroom was supported by Lord Hyde as best man, and the bride was given away by her father. There were six grown-up bridesmaids—Lady Muriel Fox Strangways, Lady Edith Lawson, Lady Viola Talbot, Miss Muriel Chaplin, Miss Madeleine Stanley, and Miss Eleanor Hicks-Beach; and four children—the Misses Marion and Gladys Beckett and the Misses Margaret and Aline Beaumont. Among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Margaret of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquess of Salisbury, and the Duchess of Devonshire. After the ceremony a reception was held by Lady Londonderry at Londonderry House. Our portrait of Lord Stavordale is by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park, and that of Lady Helen Stewart by Lafayette, Dublin.

"helping" the face with great knowledge of effect of light. Already he was a master of illumination and not less a master in dexterity.

"REMBRANDT AND SASKIA"

This interesting picture of Rembrandt and his wife is somewhat of a puzzle. Rembrandt married Saskia when she was twenty-two and he was twenty-eight. In this picture the artist must be a man of forty; but as a matter of fact he was thirty-five when his first terrible loss befell him—the dearly loved Saskia died. The boy is clearly not his son Titus, partly because he does not resemble the lad as Rembrandt has so often painted him, and partly because he was only one year old when his mother passed away. Is the child, then, a brother of Saskia, who is acting as chaperon? If so, Rembrandt is too old and he is too well dressed. However this may be, M. Bruin's picture has a real interest. His portraits of the two chief actors in this pretty comedy are full of life, and are based upon portraits the mighty painter has left us. He has insisted on that gorgeousness of garb in which, in his prosperous days, Rembrandt loved to attire himself and his sitters; and Saskia's smile is the smile that Rembrandt has made us love. Another point to which attention may be drawn is that the artist has skillfully availed himself of the composition of Rembrandt's famous "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife" so called, but now recognised as a portrait group of Rembrandt and Saskia.

"Winter"

ONE of our supplements this week is a reproduction of a water-colour drawing by Mr. John Hassall, R.I., and forms one of a series of four spirited pictures designed to illustrate seasonal sports. Mr. Hassall, as readers of THE GRAPHIC well know, is a clever humorist, and within the last year or two his picture-books have been one of the brightest features of the Christmas publishing season. All his work has a certain freshness and originality, while the colour and composition are invariably good. The three companion supplements will be issued in due course.



THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC IN LONDON: A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR TO VACCINATION

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN



REMBRANDT AND SASKIA
FROM THE PAINTING BY LEON BRUNIN. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BAUDE



DRAWN BY W. HATHRELL, R.I.

On the arrival of the Prince of Wales at the Lehrte Station there were on the platform to meet him the Kaiser, wearing the uniform of the British 1st Royal Dragoons, his son Prince Eitel Friedrich, Prince Heinrich, in the uniform of a British Admiral, Prince Friedrich Leopold, Prince Albrecht, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and Sir F. Lascelles, the British Ambassador. As soon as the

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KANKELINE.

Prince of Wales, who was wearing the uniform of the German 1st Dragoon Guards, alighted from the train, the Emperor stepped forward and greeted him in the most cordial manner. The Prince then exchanged salutations with the Princes, and before leaving the station inspected the guard of honour furnished by the 2nd Guard Regiment.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BERLIN: THE KAISER'S GREETING AT THE LEHRTE STATION

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

BRILLIANT marriages and beautiful wedding presents have been the order of the day. Lady Annabel Crowe-Milnes' wedding brought together a number of society people, but Lady Helen Stewart's presents were the most lovely ever seen. Her great popularity and charm have made her a universal favourite, and friends vied with each other to offer her gifts worthy of her position. Lord Londonderry presented her with a diamond tiara, earrings, and necklace, Lord Stroudale with turquoises and diamonds, Lord Echester with the most exquisite pearls. Lady Echester may be remembered as the owner of the famous black pearls brought from the Imperial Palace at Peking, and afterwards belonging to the Empress Eugénie. Her present consisted of emeralds and diamonds. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal family also sent jewellery, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife the most fascinating little travelling-bag in red leather, adorned with gold initials and coronet. All the Duchesses contributed gifts, and a more richly dowered bride was never seen.

It seems that the German Emperor's kindly reception of M. Coquelin, the actor, has made an excellent impression both on the artist and the French public generally. Actors are not received in general society in France as they are in England, nor have they anything like the same position. A lady who became an actress would probably be ignored by her family and friends, while the traditions of the army are so strict, that an officer espousing an actress would be expected to resign his commission. Yet the

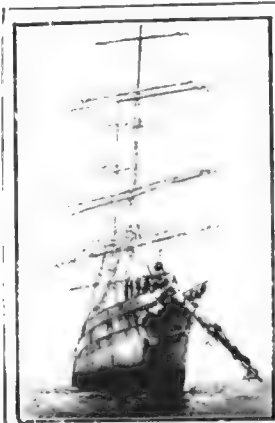
The Prince of Wales in Germany

THE Prince of Wales's visit to Berlin to congratulate Emperor William on his forty-third birthday has greatly pleased His German Majesty and the Court circles. He reached Berlin on Saturday evening, the suite appointed to attend him during his visit joining the train at Spandau. Emperor William was waiting at the Berlin Station with his second son, Prince Eitel Frederick, various other Royal Princes, and a host of officials, including the British Ambassador and a deputation from the 1st Dragoon Guards, of which King Edward is colonel. The latter were presented to the Prince before he left the station, and a squadron of the regiment formed his escort as he drove to the castle with his Imperial cousin. After a short interview with the German Chancellor next morning the Prince accompanied the Emperor to lunch with the officers of the 1st Dragoon Guards at their barracks. His Majesty proposed the health of King Edward and the Prince of Wales, who in return toasted the Kaiser. The Prince of Wales then went to Potsdam to lay wreaths on the tombs of Emperor and Empress Frederick in the Friedrichsberg, returning to Berlin in time for a State dinner in the Elizabeth Hall of the Castle, where he sat on the Empress's right, opposite the Emperor. Monday was the Imperial birthday for which all the various married branches of the Imperial House and a host of other Princes came to Berlin to congratulate His Majesty. Telegrams and gifts poured in upon Emperor William, including presents which were the handiwork of his own children and a portrait of his favourite ancestor, Frederick the Great, from King Edward. Their Majesties and the Court attended church during the day, and besides the various visits of congratulation there was a gala dinner at the Castle. On the following evening

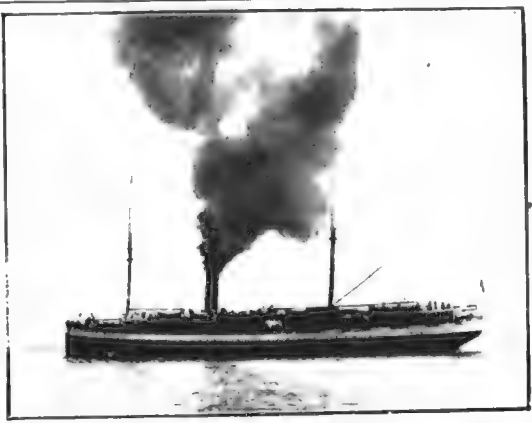
between the Post Office and the Telephone Company was voted in an amendment to the Address placed on the Paper by the Lord Mayor. That hostile action against a Conservative Ministry should be taken from that quarter was significant. Its importance was added to by the fact that the Lord Mayor was the spokesman of a Conference held at the Guildhall, including representatives of all the commercial and social interests of the Metropolis. Further point was given to the demonstration by the circumstance that the amendment, moved by a high Tory of high official rank, was seconded by Mr. Lough, a ruthless Radical.

Had such powerful demonstration been made against a Liberal Government, either it or its telephone scheme must have gone. Mr. Balfour smilingly surveyed the allied forces set in battle array, and went off to his room, leaving the defence in charge of his young colleague, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Nor was his confidence misplaced. Except from the Treasury Bench, no voice was uplifted in justification of, even apology for, what is commonly regarded as the surrender of the Post Office authorities to the wiles of the Telephone Company. Member after member rose from the Ministerial benches to denounce the settlement on public grounds. Yet only one, Mr. Claude Hay, went out to vote against his leaders when the division was called. The most others—loudest in their denunciation of the settlement—did was to abstain from voting, thus bringing the Ministerial majority down to 88.

Mr. Brodick has this week laid on the Table a supplementary Estimate showing the amount required to meet additional war expenditure up to the end of the financial year, which closes on March 31. It amounts to five millions sterling, a mere trifle as war votes have been going for the last two years and a half. But it brings the total amount spent on the war during the year start-



The French Battleship *Marceau*



The Steamer *Walla Walla*

The steamer *Walla Walla* left San Francisco on January 1, and, when twenty-two miles from Mendocino, collided with the French battleship *Marceau*, which struck her bow. The *Walla Walla* carried thirty-six first-class and twenty-eight second-class passengers and a crew of sixty. Almost all on board were asleep at the time of the collision. In thirty-five minutes the steamer sank. The exact number of those who lost their lives has not been ascertained. Sixty-two persons were picked up by the *Despatch*, twenty-three drifted ashore near Trinidad, and sixteen were rescued by a tug. A life-boat with seven passengers landed fifteen miles north of Trinidad, and another six were picked up and brought to San Domingo.

THE DISASTER TO A SAN FRANCISCO LIVER

French are the greatest theatre-going people in Europe, and their artists are world-renowned. Only lately Mme. Le Rony, wife of one of the *secrétaires* of the Comédie Française, made her *début*, and, without great beauty, at once captivated the public by the mere force of her individuality.

It seems that ladies are taking seriously to pigeon shooting. Recently Mrs. Dulles beat five men on the Cannes shooting-ground, and a luncheon was given in her honour, while the spectators congratulated her heartily. People are growing accustomed now to see women excel in athletic sports. The curriculum of every girls' school comprises hockey, lawn tennis, and cricket, and it is made compulsory to play, just as is the practice in boys' schools. Nevertheless I cannot think pigeon shooting a desirable occupation for women. There is too much cruelty and too little risk about it for the pastime to be called sport. Rifle shooting and pistol-practice, it seems to me, offer a wide enough field for woman's skill with firearms.

Prices continue to rise in the auction rooms. Amateurs of rare pictures, china, and furniture do not care what they give provided they acquire some coveted object. Prints have been the great rage this year in London, while in Paris a writing-table of the Louis XVI. period was recently sold for about 700*fr.* These phenomenal prices appear likely to continue. A great collection of Japanese pictures will be dispersed this week.

The number of suicides which take place daily, even among very young people, almost children, are assuming serious proportions. The constant strain and excitement of modern life, no doubt, affects many minds, notably women, who are prone to overstrain. The noise and hurry of the streets, where trams, cars, motor-cars, vans and bicycles harass the existence of the pedestrian, are likely to produce further bad results. While we are, however, street cries, which, after all, had a homely and sometimes pleasant familiarity about them, we have now in their stead the ringing of tram-bells, the groans of motors, the squeaks of the various chaotic and discordant and alarming. The mere vibration of motor-broughams and landaus, together with the rapid transit of the city, leads to excitement and fatigue. One wonders what existence will be like twenty years hence, and whether, though we may fly from one end of the earth to the other, life will then be worth living.

the Prince went to the ball at the British Ambassador's, and on Wednesday left Berlin to pay brief visits to the Duchess of Albany at Potsdam, and the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. He returns home at the end of the week. The Prince is *à la suite* of his father's German Regiment, the 1st Dragoons, but Emperor William has now appointed him Hon. Col. of the 8th Cuirassiers (Count Gessler's), one of the crack German regiments.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

WHILE the House of Commons sits night after night making slow progress with the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, the House of Lords frankly makes holiday. About that august assembly there is none of that make-believe that sometimes mars the majesty of the Commons. When they have nothing to do they sit on just the same and talk. The Peers shut up themselves and their House and go off home till work is ready for them.

The wisdom of this practice was justified by exceptional departure from it that took place on Monday, on the occasion of Lord Wemyss's speech. The topic chosen was the condition of affairs in South Africa, and the form selected was a sort of vote of confidence in His Majesty's Ministers.

The reception was not encouraging, the attendance being not much greater than on the night when ordinary peers are expected to lead off debate. What there was in excess of the average was avowedly due to expectation that Lord Rosbery might speak. The ex-Premier was in his place, but debate not rising to his level he refrained from speaking and walked out before it was over, an example followed by many others.

Lord Salisbury took a similar view of the situation and the lily it imposed on him. Lord Lansdowne, after taking notes with apparent intention of speaking, put them in his pocket, and the melancholy performance fizzled out. So impressed were their Lordships with the incident that they adjourned for a week.

In the Commons the business of the Session actually began on Thursday, exactly a fortnight after it opened. On Monday the Government found themselves faced by a difficulty that would have seriously embarrassed one less strong in its disciplined forces. The universal discontent at the settlement arrived at

lingly close to the round one hundred million pounds. The circulation of this paper increased the eagerness with which a chance word let fall by Mr. Balfour was greeted. Mr. Labouchere asked whether at any time since negotiations between Lord Kitchen and General Botha proved futile, any overtures with a view to the termination of the war, purporting to come from Boer leaders, had been submitted to the Prime Minister by any member of the Privy Council. Mr. Balfour guardedly answered this mysterious question in the negative. But he went on to say that, late on Saturday last, a communication was received from the Dutch Government, and is now under consideration.

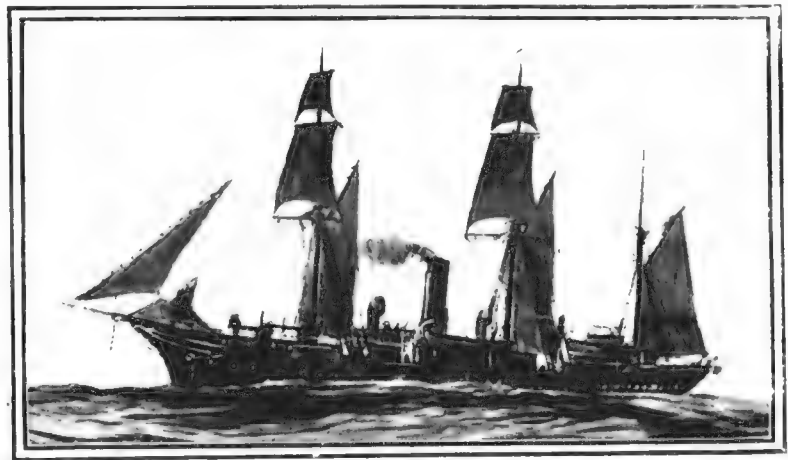
Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

SINCE M. Maurice Bernhardt produced his new play, *Nini l'Assommoir*, at the Porte Saint Martin, people are wondering whether or not he had played a huge practical joke on the public and critics. If the play is meant as a skit on melodrama, a *volubly absurd* of the "blood and thunder" play, then it is a success; if it is a serious attempt, then nothing could be more complete than its failure.

The author simply wades in blood, and the play has to come to an end when it does because the principal characters have all met violent deaths. *Nini l'Assommoir* is by day a wealthy society woman, and by night the captain of a band of female cut-throats. In the first act she strangles and robs her godmother to get 50,000 francs, to save the honor of a particularly despicable officer with whom she is in love, and who loses more than he can pay at cards.

In the next act *Nini* is seen at the head of her band in a low *cabaret*. She and her followers stab and drown an intruder, evidently only as a matter of practice "to get their hands in." Her officer-lover, after accepting the 50,000 francs, fails to show any return for her affection, but is in love with his cousin, who is married to a man who kindly dies of apoplexy in the third tableau. This makes three *coup de théâtre* in two acts. On discovering the infidelity of her lover, *Nini* goes off to the village, to her father's house and pitches her out of the fourth tableau.



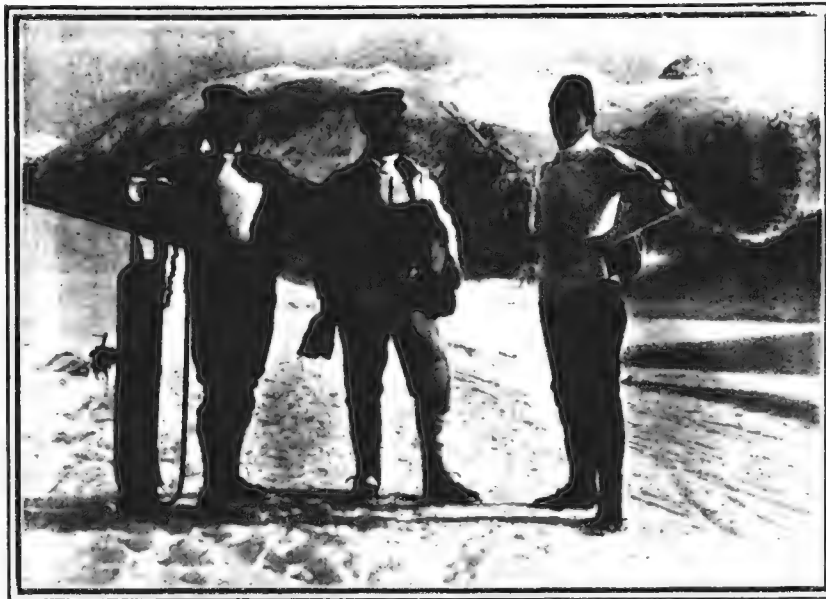
Nothing has been heard of H.M.S. *Condor* since her departure from Esquimaux on December 2. She was due at Honolulu on the 14th of that month, but had not arrived up to January 15. As a measure of precaution H.M.S. *Phaeton* was ordered to proceed from Esquimaux and follow in the probable track of the *Condor* to the latitude of San Francisco. On the 26th, the *Phaeton* reached San Francisco without any news of the *Condor*, and has been ordered to continue the search. The *Condor*, which is a sloop of 980 tons, completed her service, at Sherness, in December, 1898, was commissioned for the first time by Captain Clifton Smith, and a crew of 120 officers and men, at Chatham, on November 1, 1900, and shortly afterwards left for the Pacific.

H.M.S. "CONDOR" THE MISSING SLOOP

But as we are getting on to the fourth act retribution must be meted out. The police get on Nini's track. The *sous-chef* of the Detective Department is sent to arrest her. He, however, is in love with her in her capacity of *dame de monde*. When he discovers that she and Nini l'Assommeur are one and the same person, he blows his brains out on the spot. Nini is arrested. She asks for a last interview with the officer she loves. This is granted, and she stabs him in the back, and is finally led off, presumably to be reduced herself to the condition of a corpse on the Place de la Roquette. The first night the audience was helpless with laughter, and the critics were completely nonplussed. They did not know if they were "being had" or not. If M. Maurice Bernhardt is a *pince sans rire*, he has even deceived the actors for the five acts of nonsense as conscientiously as if it was a Shakespearian tragedy. I am afraid M. Bernhardt has only written a bad play, which has failed as a drama and had unexpected success as a farce.

Paris has at last settled the question of its gas. Whether it has been settled in the fashion most in conformity with the interests of the city I cannot decide; but, at any rate, the monopoly of the company under which the capital has groined for fifty years has been abolished. Paris had the privilege of paying more than twice as dearly for its gas as London or Berlin, while the citizens were subjected to endless petty annoyances. In order to obtain gas a formidable document about a yard square had to be filled up in duplicate, of course on stamped paper. Then permission had to be obtained from the Prefect of Police, and after this an inspector of the company came along to inspect the premises. When he had deigned to make his report the consumer was called on to make a deposit of seven francs per gas jet.

This being done the company proceeded to instal the meter, for



Mr. Spencer Mr. Knapp Mr. Buckingham
THREE TYPICAL ST. MORITZERS

the hire of which the sum of one franc fifty centimes per month was exacted (or twenty-five per cent. per annum on its value). A further charge of one franc fifty centimes was made for keeping pipes in repair, so that the unfortunate consumer paid a large deposit and thirty-six francs a year for nothing at all. Then when, after a delay of weeks, he finally got the gas he was charged thirty centimes per cubic metre, as I have said, more than twice the amount paid in London and Berlin. As a result the company was simply rolling in millions. The directors had to tax their imaginations to invent new categories of employees,

in order to spend their "surplus" wealth. "No tag to do and a man to help you" was the order of the day. "Red tape" was, of course, the inevitable result. It was more easy to obtain a concession from one of the departments of State than to have the slightest request answered by the Gas Company. To the delight of the Parisians, its reign is at an end. The immediate result is the reduction of the price of gas by one-third, with retrospective effect to the first of the present year. And still the Municipality hopes to make enormous profits and still further reductions. What the profits of the company must have been is better left to imagination.

Winter Sports at St. Moritz

THE winter season at St. Moritz is now in full swing, writes a correspondent, and though at first the hotels were not very crowded numbers are now arriving daily. Winter sports of every description may be indulged in *ad lib.*—skating, tobogganing, skiing, sledge driving, sailing and hockey by day, while dances, theatricals, concerts, etc., etc., fill up the time until the small hours of the morning. The world-renowned "Cresta" Toboggan Run not being yet completed, owing to the snow having come late this year, tobogganers' attention is directed to the "village" run constructed by the Kurverein, which occupies the lower road to the "Bad." It is iced the whole way and has a fall of several hundred feet in a length of 700 yards; the corners are banked up and iced, and are very formidable obstacles for beginners, who either go too high and "spill" over the top, or too low and collide with the banks immediately afterwards. A very good speed is attained by practised riders, and the electrical communication between start and finish allow of exact timing. Races take place weekly and are patronised by both sexes and all ages. Our photographs are by G. R. Ballance.



A LADY TOBOGGANER, RIDING IN AMERICAN STYLE, TAKING FIRST CORNER OF THE VILLAGE RUN



A SPILL AT THE FIRST CORNER OF THE TOBOGGAN RUN, AFTER TAKING THE CORNER TOO HIGH



ST. MORITZ DORF: VIEW OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND SNOW-COVERED LAKE



THE TOBOGGAN RUN: GOING DOWN TO THE FINISH

WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI.

FROM A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO WILLIAM STRETES, EXHIBITED IN THE COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER OF THE PICTURE, SIR J. C. ROBINSON



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Mr. Ligord, the husband of Madame Tilkka-Ligord who was captured with Miss Stone, started from Serik on the 14th instant. He was accompanied by Mr. Guarjola, the American dragonn, and by Mr. J. C. the representative of the American Missionary Society in Constantinople. V.D.C., Saade-din Bey, himself accompanied the mission. When our artist wrote he hoped that he would be able to report that the captives were released in ten days.

IN SEARCH OF MISS STONE: THE DEPARTURE OF THE AMERICAN MISSION FROM SERIK



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

th instant. He was accompanied by Mr. Guarjelo, the American dragomane, and by Mr. L. J. the representative of the American Missionary Society in Constantinople. They had an escort of some twenty-five mounted Zaptiehs, supplied by the military Governor, Ibrahim Pasha, whose A.D.C., Sandet-talin Bey, himself accompanied the mission. When our artist wrote, he hoped that he would be able to report that the captives were released in ten days' time.

MISS STONE: THE DEPARTURE OF THE AMERICAN MISSION FROM SERES TO DJUMA-BALI

A VISIT TO MALTA

By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

MALTA as a winter residence may lack the variety and world wonders of Egypt, but it is quieter, cheaper, more accessible, and, for an artist, exceedingly picturesque. I am surprised indeed that it has been so little painted. From the landscape point of view the three islands of Malta, Comino, and Gozo are ugly, chiefly presenting stretches of boulder-strewn downs, criss crossed in all directions with white stone walls, which enclose the patches of cultivated soil. There are fine sea-scapes here and there along the precipitous coast line; but the artistic beauties of Malta are almost entirely confined to the towns, and mainly to the wonderful city of Valletta—literally a city of palaces. Until the Knights of St. John were turned out of Rhodes in the sixteenth century by the Turks, and were offered Malta as a refuge by the Emperor Charles V. (Malta being then an appanage of the Kingdom of Naples), the islands were poor and desolate (owing to their defective water supply), and possessed no towns or buildings of any importance or architectural beauty. It was the Knights of St. John, who, having to make the best of their little state in the course of some three centuries, endowed Malta with magnificent public works, and the City of Valletta (so named after the Grand Master La Vallette) with some of the most beautiful palaces in the world. Though the Knights of St. John, however, found Malta such a miserable possession when they first took it over, this Mediterranean archipelago had known periods of comparative culture and prosperity in past times. In a far distant period, though possibly within the existence of the human species, the Maltese archipelago was connected by land with Sicily on the one side and Tunisia on the other. From this connection with Africa and Sicily it received most of the larger mammals, then ranging across the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa: amongst others the African elephant and the hippopotamus. After becoming cut off from Africa and Sicily, the hippopotamus and elephant continued to exist in vast numbers in the Maltese archipelago, but they gradually dwindled in size to remarkably dwarfed species, remains of which are abundantly found in the deposits of Maltese caverns.

Man inhabited Malta at a very early part of his history, and the island was a seat of that remote prehistoric civilisation when some Neolithic race of man inhabited North Africa, Malta, Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, Portugal, France, and Britain, and erected Megalithic monuments of immense blocks of stone. The island of Malta possesses most remarkable remains of this kind—the so-called "Giant's Castles."

The Phœnicians occupied Malta, and left a strong colony on the island, while traces of the Phœnician language (which was closely allied to Hebrew) are said to remain in the Maltese language to the present day. Roman rule has left many evidences of high culture and of the existence of handsome public buildings. St. Paul, we know, was wrecked on the north-east coast of the island of Malta, then called Melita. After Roman rule came Byzantine, but the island was captured by the Saracens soon after they had overrun North Africa, and held by them until they were turned out by the Normans of Sicily. Thenceforth Malta remained attached more or less to the Kingdom of Sicily until Charles V. (the inheritor of the Aragonese Kingdom of Naples) transferred it to the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John.

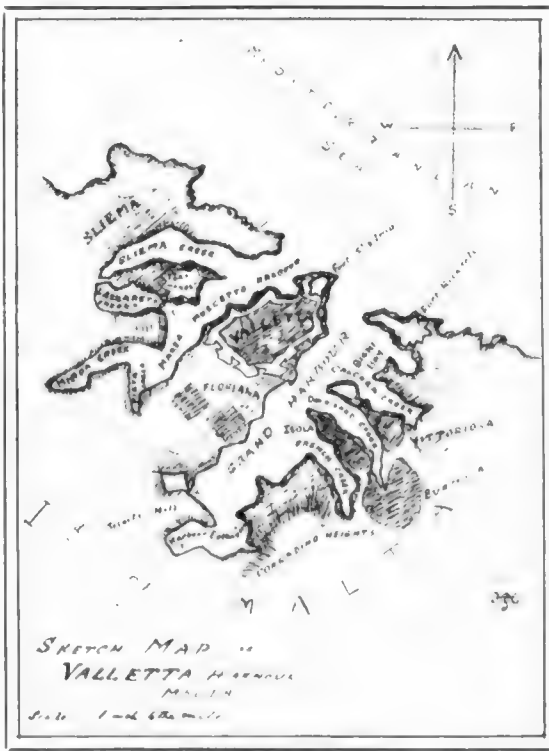
For two hundred years the knights carried on a continuous struggle against the Turkish Empire and the Moorish pirates. The knights were recruited from most countries of Europe, but chiefly from France, Germany, Austria, England, Spain and Portugal. These knights grouped themselves in their capital city of Valletta, under their various nationalities, each of which possessed an "auberge" or palace, where the knights met for meals or councils. Thus there are still the Auberges de Castille, d'Aragon, de France, d'Italie, etc. The English Lodge, or Auberge, after being abolished, was again revived, but united with the newly created Bavarian Lodge. When commerce with the Mediterranean began to increase towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, the magnificent harbour of Valletta, as commanding the central Mediterranean, attracted the attention of several European Powers, who began to strive for an influence at the Court of the Grand Master of the Order. This latter was always treated as an independent sovereign, and the Palace of Valletta is consequently enriched with most valuable pictures, the portraits of European sovereigns of the eighteenth century, presented by themselves to the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John.

Napoleon Bonaparte focussed the vague French ambitions which had begun to hover about the possession of Malta, and boldly seized the island on his way to Egypt. But there was not only the Order of the Knights of St. John to be taken into consideration (they were a military caste not much over a thousand in number), but the real inhabitants of Malta, the Maltese, a sturdy race of mixed origin, descended from a prehistoric Mediterranean stock, with which Phœnician, Roman, Greek, Moor, and Italian had mingled. All the Maltese peasants were rapidly incensed and driven to a furious resistance by their



A MALTESE FISHERMAN

maltreatment at the hands of the French garrison, in whose hands Napoleon had left the island. Taking advantage of this rising, the British attacked Valletta by sea and land, joining their forces to those of the native Maltese, and in this manner the island was wrested from the French and finally placed under British sovereignty.

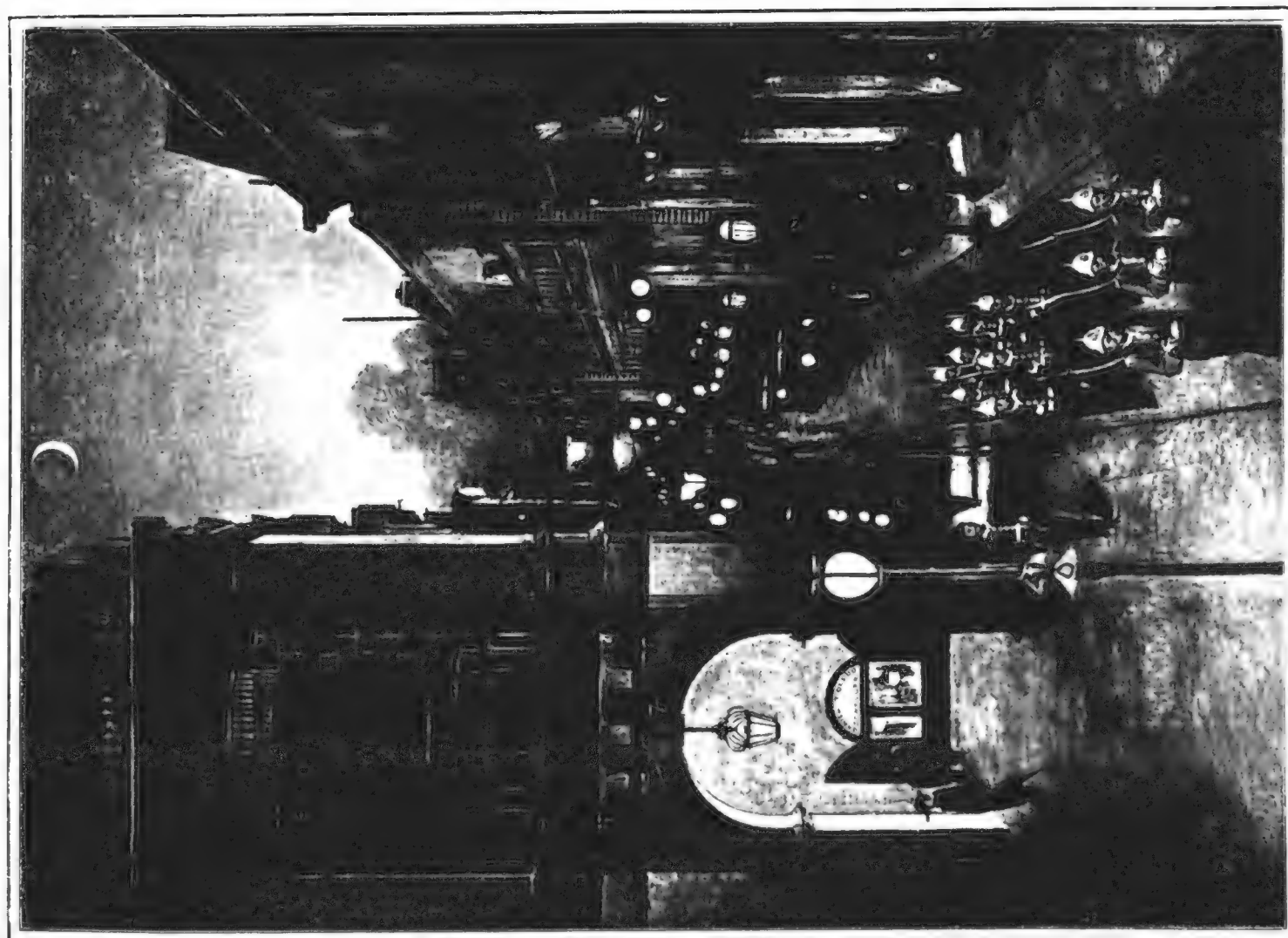


"with the consent of the European Powers and at the wish of the Maltese people," when the Congress of Vienna met in 1814 to rearrange the map of Europe.

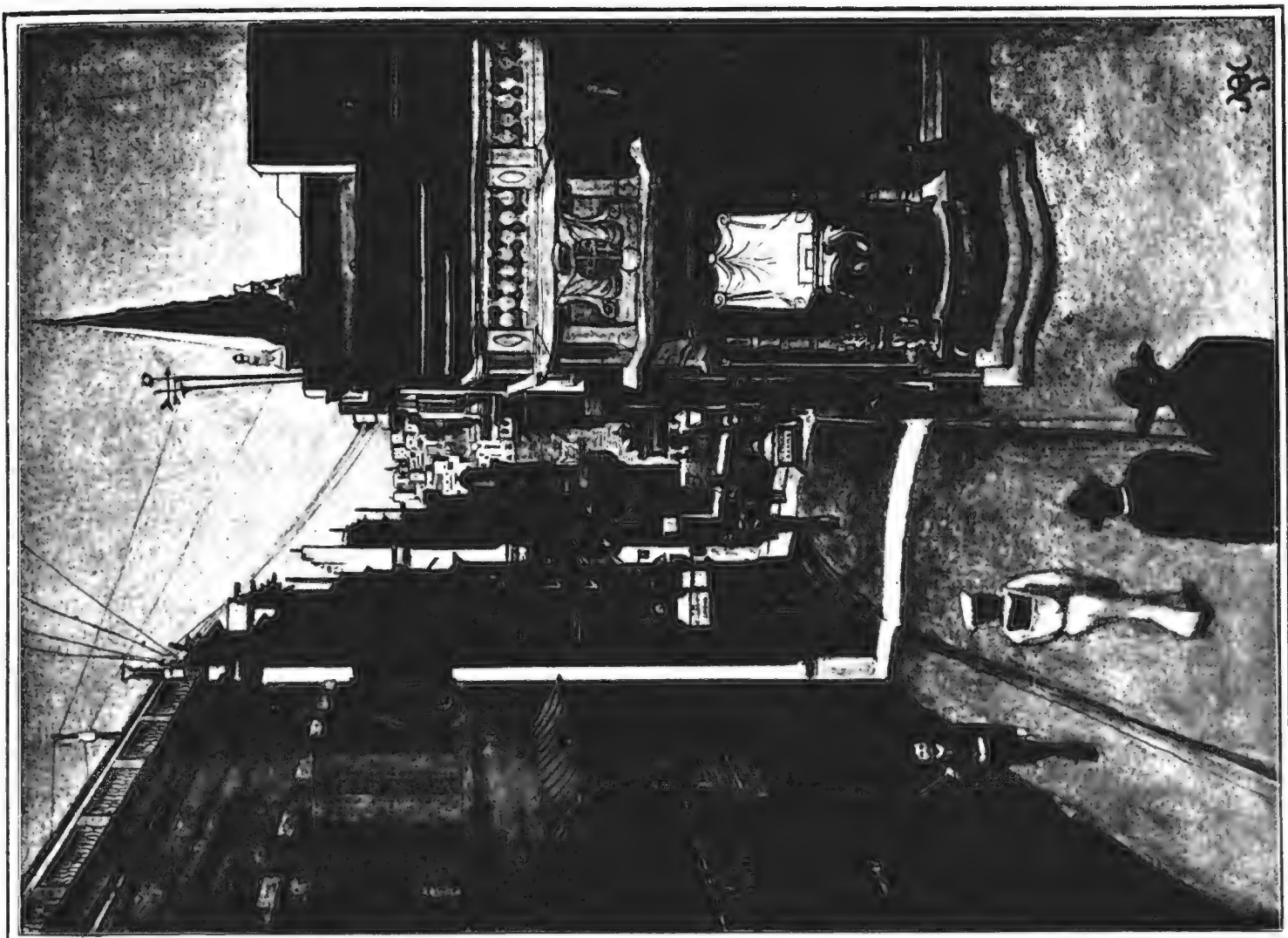
The rough sketch map which I give of the harbour of Valletta will give some idea of its importance as a military port. Valletta, in fact, has almost the finest military harbour in the Mediterranean. As a series of pictures it has no rival of its kind. The steamer coming from the open sea and aiming at the inhospitable coast of the sterile, rocky, reddish yellow island, suddenly twists at right angles, and discloses to the eyes of its passengers two narrow openings in the rock-bound, foam-lashed coast. On the tongue of rock which lies between these two openings is built the city of Valletta, rising in magnificent terraces of lofty buildings to a crown of palaces. The twin harbours on either side of the Valletta peninsula give off numerous minor harbours, all of which are deep creeks, tongues of glorious blue water of a jewel-like brilliance in an embosomed setting of red gold and silver grey. When in addition it is mentioned that in the middle of nearly every creek there is a chain of magnificent ships of war flying the British ensign the slow passage up the grand harbour is a gratification to the British patriot, while at the same time it is a succession of lovely pictures, the more beautiful in that by daylight their colour scheme is in the main simple blue, ranging from deepest ultramarine purple to emerald green.

The provincial cities of the island of Malta and the villages of Gozo are full of interest, and are often very picturesque. The churches are nearly all worth seeing, for the Maltese are a most religious people, and a little village will sometimes possess a parish church with proportions and architecture suited to a capital city. The Governor of Malta inherits from the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John not only one of the most magnificent Palaces in the world, that of Valletta, but two stately country houses, with gardens where foliage, flowers, and architecture are skilfully mixed in scenic effect. But on the whole the artist and the tourist will be mainly interested in Valletta, which indeed is all that the ordinary passer-by sees of Malta. Recurring once more to the Governor's Palace of Valletta, it may be said without fear of contradiction that it is the most beautiful gubernatorial dwelling in the British Empire. Government House at Calcutta is far larger, but of course it is without either the architectural beauty or the historical associations of this Palace of the Grand Master, a part of which is used for public offices and for the Council Chamber where the little Maltese Parliament meets. There is a quarter of a mile of such lovely inlaid marble pavements as no other Palace in the world can show. The magnificent rooms of these marble-paved corridors are hung with pictures of the greatest historical interest: there is a wonderful armoury, and the tapestries of the Council Chamber are world-famous. They represent scenes in the New World, and in Abyssinia, probably inspired by Portuguese or Spanish travellers, but executed, I believe, by Flemish artists. In some way these tapestries came into the possession of Louis XV. of France, who gave them to the Grand Master of Malta. The Palace buildings inclose two *patis* or hollow squares, which are filled with gigantic cypresses, palms, and flowers surrounding fountains. When I visited Malta I had the pleasure of staying with the late Governor, Sir Arthur Freeman, and from the balcony of his beautiful Palace, from the same spot on which the last Grand Master of Malta looked out impotently on the raging crowd which implored him to arm them to oppose the landing of the French, I painted two small pictures, one of the Strada Teatra in the afternoon, and the other of the celebrated Strada Reale in the evening, just after the lamps were lit. The Strada Teatra gives an idea of what most of the streets of Valletta are like, a narrow lane between tall, balconied houses, a lozenge of emerald-turquoise sea, and then a deep across the harbour at a terraced hill of sunlit houses. The temple in my picture of the Strada Teatra is that of the principal Anglican church, which was built by Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV., who spent a winter in Malta. The Strada Reale is the principal street of Valletta, and possesses the best shops. In this street is one of the finest opera houses in the world, which, however, unfortunately seldom if ever can support an opera troupe worthy of its architectural distinction.

Next to the Governor's Palace, the building most beautiful and full of interest is the Cathedral of St. John—a feast of colour, with an interior which, for richness and good taste of decoration, may vie with any building. This church has an inlaid marble pavement, which looks exactly like a carpet of pale, exquisite tints. Nowhere have I seen inlaid marble work of such remarkable beauty as in the public buildings of Malta. The Cathedral, also, has celebrated tapestries, which, however, are not always on view. The Bibliotheca, or Public Library, is well worth a visit. There and at the University are to be seen two small museums of much interest, which contain models of the Megalithic remains, and collections of Phœnician, Roman, and Moorish objects.



STRADA REALE, VALLETTA, IN THE EVENING



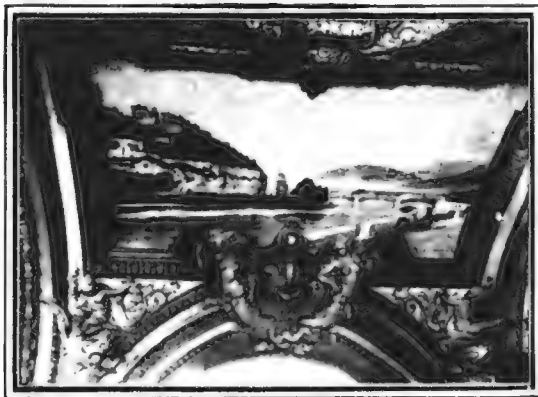
STRADA TEATRO, VALLETTA

SKETCHES IN MALTA

DRAWN BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.



PARIS, BY FLAMENG: ONE OF THE CEILINGS OF THE BUFFET



GRENOBLE, BY BARTELET: A SAMPLE OF THE WALL DECORATION



NICE, BY GENEX: ONE OF THE CEILINGS OF THE BUFFET

Added to the architectural beauty and colour of Valetta are the effects of colour caused by the masses of soldiers and sailors who move about the streets. The Maltese inhabitants are not quite so attractive in colour and form. The women dress in black, with an enormous stiff black shade on one side of their face, which they use, somewhat unnecessarily, to veil their charms. The men have little or no distinctive dress, but are more or less attired in the slovenly costume of the modern Italian seaman. Occasionally among the lower orders of the Maltese one sees a fine type of face. I cannot say of what descent, but clearly very European, and free from that Arab mixture which gives such an African look to some of the Maltese. I give a study here of a Maltese fisherman, who, in common with many of his fellows, fishes on the coasts of Tunis, which are, of course, within a few hours' sail of Malta. The upper classes of Malta and the Maltese nobility resemble Italians or French in appearance, though here and there one sees a distinctive Greek profile. But, then, a good many of the Maltese officials and nobles are really of extraneous origin tracing their descent from Piedmontese, French, Sardinian or Neapolitan families.

A Luxurious Railway Station

THE new station of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway, recently opened in Paris, is now one of the sights of Paris. Travellers do not usually associate railway stations with ideas of art and luxury. Indeed, a great terminus is so essentially utilitarian in every aspect that we do not look for anything but good management from the railway company and possible comfort. But the Gare de Lyon in Paris, as it now stands, is a remarkable exception to this, and might make even Mr. Ruskin, if he were alive to see it, tolerant of railways. There are two palatial *salles de buffet*, the walls and ceilings of which have been decorated by some twenty-seven well-known French artists. Amongst the most notable of the decorative paintings are "Paris" by Flameng, "Burgundy" by Maignan, a "Battle of Flowers" by Genex, "The Lake of Bourget" by Rosset-Granger, "The Paris Exhibition" by Billotte, "Algiers" by Allgre, "Mont Blanc" by Burnaud, "Villefranche and Monte Carlo" by Montenard, "Saint Honorat and Marseilles" by Olive. Among other artists who have contributed to the adornment of the *salles* may be mentioned Cachoud, Carl Rosa, Buffet, Paul Satn, Chabas, Checchi, Lenhardt, Rigollot, and Latouche. Menti n should also be made of the work of St. Pierre in decorating the ceiling. Even the posters which proclaim the attractions of the places on the Company's railway are works of art, being painted by good artists. A French critic, in describing the merits of the new building, said that the

salles had become a "salon *habitable*." The accompanying photographs (supplied to us by Ch. Chusseau Flavien) will give an idea of the lavish character of the decorations.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

ACADEMICAL debates in the House of Commons no longer excite the interest they did; the modern morning newspapers have dealt them a fatal blow. Those newspapers devote little of their space to speeches, and, therefore, the long addresses delivered in the House by obscure members do not reach the general public. This Session, moreover, both members and the public are more interested in the subject of taxation than in Party recriminations. "How much will the Government require, and what is it that they will tax?" are the two questions which are asked by all, and at every opportunity.

It is said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will produce a sensational Budget. There are directions in which taxation might be attempted that have not been tried before, and there are others in which taxation might be increased. Champagne, for instance, might be taxed more heavily, and the duty on cards might be doubled without arousing much opposition. The till hat—that most ungainly outward sign of inward respectability—should be taxed, for if it did nothing better than lead to its suppression the community would have cause to rejoice. Would it be too much to insist that all who wear a frock coat or a tall hat should pay duty on those "luxuries" as those do who use a crest?

"The Spring-Cleaning of a Capital" is a headline which will soon be commonly used, for it is understood that London is to be washed in preparation for the Coronation. For their own sake, Londoners should insist that the town be exceptionally clean in June, for, as the overcrowding during that month will be unusually great, the chances of dirt breeding an epidemic will be proportionally increased. The authorities predict that two million visitors will pass through London during Coronation week. The majority of them will, of course, be from the provinces.

The two processions should be easily handled by the troops and the police, but the authorities are less confident about the management of the enormous crowds which will take possession of the streets at night. There will be illuminations on the eve of the Coronation, and this, unless prohibited, will make it necessary for a large force of police to be out on night duty, when every

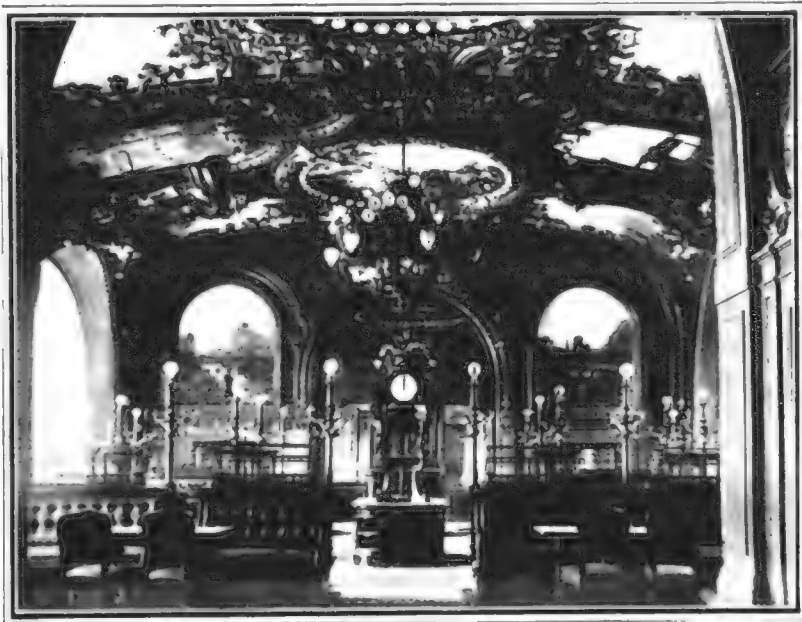
member of the force will need his entire strength to do his work on Coronation Day. The procession to the Abbey and back being over, the town will be again illuminated! Can the exhausted police be expected to cope with this additional task? On the following day will occur the second and more extended procession, and on that night there will be further illuminations! Were the authorities to do in the country of its police for the week there would not be sufficient men for the work.

Those considerations make it certain that the authorities will enrol a large body of special constables to aid the police in the day time in connection with the two processions. This will enable many of the members of the regular force to be held in reserve for night duty during the week. An announcement with regard to this matter may be expected shortly.

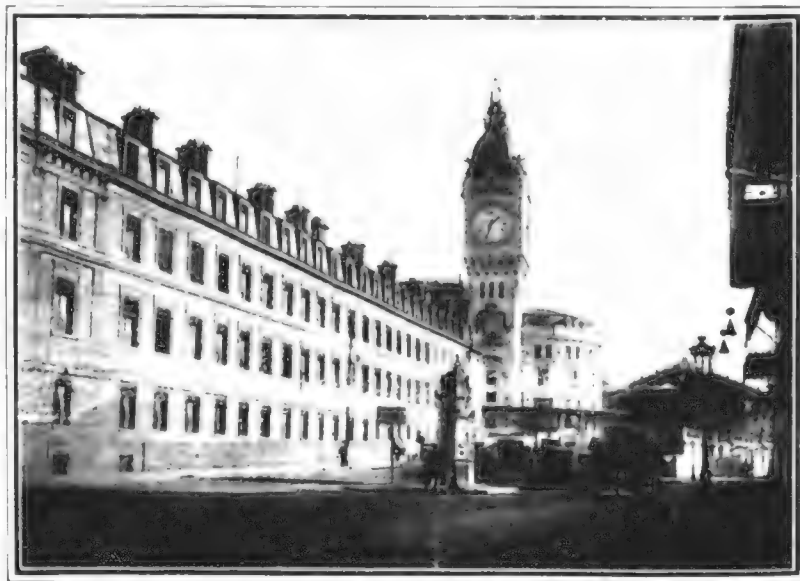
The Londoner has many trials ahead. That the price of bread, meat, milk, and other common commodities will be raised in town during that week is obvious, but the "washer-woman fiend" will exasperate us most. Laundry employers will find it difficult to prevent their workwomen from taking a prolonged holiday—and that when work required to be done will be largely increased! It is predicted that outrageous charges will be exacted by the laundries.

The London County Council is considering a proposal which should have been brought to its notice long before this. It is proposed that the public restaurants and eating houses of the town should be inspected to ensure that the food supplied in them "is prepared in wholesome and sanitary surroundings." When this wise measure has been agreed upon, and the first report of the inspectors has been issued, the nation will receive a shock which should lead to good results. The condition of the cooking arrangements in many even of the well-known restaurants has long provided matter for conversation amongst those who take an intelligent interest in the food they consume.

The hotel and restaurant chicken is a distinct breed; it is composed of bones, tough skin, and hairs. We are a conservative race, and having been accustomed to meet that breed of chicken, and no other, in public places, we submit. But the restaurant cigar must not be allowed to become also a distinct brand. It is always dearer than any other, and always less good. Why is it? A voyage of discovery round the world is being organised by a well-known millionaire, for the purpose of finding the place where the restaurant-cigar leaf is grown, and the manufactory where it is prepared and rolled. It has resolved, for the good of humanity, to buy up the property and the territory, and to let the former go to waste and to destroy the latter. If he succeeds he will rank amongst the most celebrated of discoverers, a little onist benevolent of philanthropists.



AN INTERIOR



THE STATION FROM THE STREET

A SUMPTUOUS TERMINUS: THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE GARE DE LYON, PARIS



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BERLIN: THE KAISER'S TOAST AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE 1st DRAGOON GUARDS

DESK BY P. DE LUXEM

on Sunday the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales visited the barracks of the 1st Dragoon Guards, who were the officers entertained them. The Emperor, after proposing the toast of King, Emperor and VII, drank to the health of the Prince, and delivered a speech in which he referred to the great loss sustained by England, and to the great personal loss sustained by him if, through the death of Queen Victoria, then attending to the Prince's Colonel tour, the Emperor drew a vivid picture of the extraordinary nature of the voyage. The fact that the Prince had completed his tour on the globe without ever losing any but British soil was an unprecedented fact which bore witness to the greatness and extent of the British Empire. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The Emperor, smiling and giving him a glass of pleasure to be with the regiment and thanked the Emperor for his kind words. His Royal Highness then proposed the health of the Emperor William, who he was drunk with enthusiasm.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. KASSEL

Major Von Loewenstein Prince Albert of Prussia The Prince of Wales Colonel Von Rauch

The Reopening of the Gold Mines

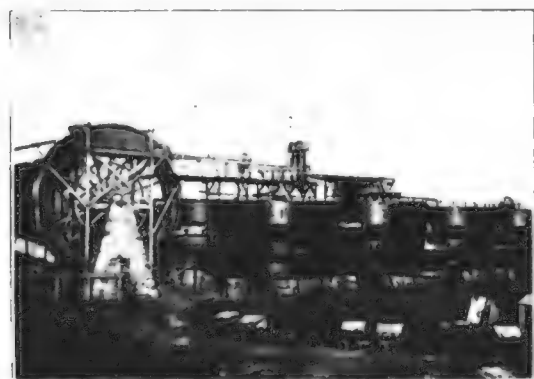
THE accompanying illustrations show the working of a South African gold mine, and may prove interesting now that the mines are being reopened and the industry resumed. The first gives a general view of the mine. This shows, beginning at the left, the incline to the crusher station, up which the trucks containing the ore hauled from the shafts are run. The contents are then discharged into the bins inside the crusher station, which contains sorting appliances for sorting the ore, and the rock-breakers which prepare the rock for the mill by breaking it up into the necessary size. Another incline, starting from underneath the crusher station, runs up to the top of the mill or battery. The trucks containing the crushed rock are hauled up this incline, and the rock emptied into ore bins situated inside the battery. These bins have a capacity of over a thousand tons, and from these the stamps, of which there are a hundred, each crushing on an average nearly five tons per day, are fed automatically. To the right of the mill is the tailings wheel, shown in the next picture. This is used for hoisting up the mud and water flowing out of



GENERAL VIEW OF A MINE

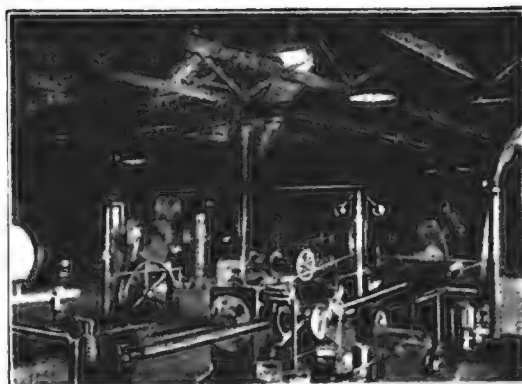
the mill to the top of the tanks, into which it is discharged. The third illustration shows the interior of the engine room. In the background are seen the winding engines which hoist the skips up and down the shaft, situated just opposite. In the foreground, on the right, is an air compressor engine, which supplies the compressed air used for working the rock drills down the mine. The large fly-wheel of this engine just comes into the photograph.

The interior of the boiler house is shown in the next photograph. The plant consists of nine boilers, which supply the steam for the engines in the engine room, and two engines, one of which is shown below. These latter are the engines which drive the battery. The first, of which we give a picture, is the main engine, and the second the auxiliary. In case one gets out of order there



THE TAILINGS WHEEL AND CYANIDE TANKS

is always the other to take its place, thus avoiding loss of valuable time. When it is borne in mind that this loss works out in pounds per minute the necessity for this precaution becomes evident. The next photograph gives a view of the interior of the battery, one side of which, representing fifty stamps, is shown. The stems of the stamps just appear above the platform, which is reached by ladder ways. Below are the sloping tables, each covered with a copper plate. Down these the pulverised rock is carried by a stream of water continually flowing into and out of the mortar boxes, inside which the stamps are pounding up the rock. The copper plates are covered with a thin coating of quicksilver, which catches the gold contained in the mud and water flowing over it. At intervals this mixture of quicksilver and gold, known as "amalgam," is scraped off the plates, and is replaced by a fresh coating of quicksilver. The amalgam is taken to the retort house,



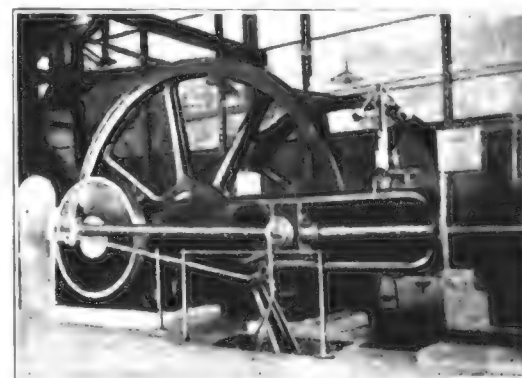
INTERIOR OF THE ENGINE-ROOM

where it is retorted, and the gold separated from the quicksilver by causing the latter to be carried off by condensation. This quicksilver is collected and used over again. The gold thus obtained is called "mill gold," as apart from "cyanide gold," of which mention is made hereafter, and is of very fine quality. As the muddy water which still contains a large percentage of gold comes away from the tables inside the mill, it is caught in launders placed underneath the tables, and is led out of the mill to the bottom of the tailings wheel. Here it is caught up in buckets built on the inner side of the wheel, and is hoisted to a height of 40 feet or so, and discharged into wooden channels constructed at the top of the wheel. These channels carry the muddy water into a set of triangular-shaped boxes, called "concentrator boxes." An upward current of water, so



THE BOILER HOUSE

regulated as to allow of only the heavy particles of gold-bearing matter sinking, is constantly bubbling up out of these boxes, and this carries all matter of insufficient density over the boxes into channels which lead to a further series of triangular boxes, known as "separators." These are seen to the right of the square tank, supported on trestles, and standing out above the tanks. The separator boxes catch the matter which has escaped the first set of boxes, and that which escapes from these known as "slimes" flows off to the slimes works, where it has to run the gauntlet of another series of boxes, which drain the muddy water of what gold may still be remaining in it. A series of pipes run out of the bottom of the concentrator boxes and separator boxes, and carry the sediment collected into the tanks below, where the water is drained off, leaving the solids behind. The solids collected in the concentrator boxes go by the name of "concentrates," and those collected by the separator boxes by the



THE MAIN ENGINE

name of "sands." When an upper tank, which has a capacity of about 400 tons, is full and the water drained off, a solution of cyanide is pumped into it; this is drawn from the solution supply tanks situated near by. As the solution filters through the contents of the tank it dissolves and carries away with it the gold contained therein, and, running out through pipes fixed at the bottom, flows to the extractor boxes situated in the extractor house, about a hundred yards off. The contents of the upper tanks, having been subjected to the necessary washes with solution, are emptied through trap doors at the bottom of the tanks into the lower tanks, where they undergo a further washing with solution, and are finally discharged from the lower tanks into trucks standing underneath, and are trammed away to the tailings heap or waste heap. The last photograph gives a view of the interior of the extractor house showing the extractor boxes into which, as above mentioned, the cyanide solution containing the dissolved gold is run after leaving the cyanide tanks. These boxes



A BATTERY AND STAMPS

are constructed of wood, and each is divided into compartments. Parallel to the dividing board of each compartment, leaving a few inches space between, is another partition or baffle board. This board runs down to within a short space of the bottom of the box, room being left for the solution to pass underneath into the compartment. The boxes are built on a slight incline. A thin wire screen is placed within a few inches of the bottom of each compartment, and on this rest a quantity of fine zinc shavings. Owing to the baffle board the solution cannot pass into the compartment except in an upward direction. By this means the hydrogen gas contained in the solution is given off more easily, and increases the precipitation of the gold



EXTRACTOR BOXES

caused by the chemical action resultant to the contact of the solution with the zinc shavings through which it has to pass. The gold precipitate settles down at the bottom of the box, and as each compartment gets filled with solution the latter, on account of the slope of the boxes in that direction, overflows into the next compartment, and by the time the last compartment is reached it has been robbed of practically all the gold it contained, and is then run back to the solution tanks from which it originally came. At intervals the boxes are emptied, and the sediment of "zinc slimes" which has collected at the bottom is taken out, dried, and subjected to a strong wash of sulphuric acid. It is then smelted, and the gold thus obtained is known as "cyanide gold;" this gold, however, is not quite of as fine a quality as the mill gold above-mentioned. Our illustrations are from photographs by Lance-corporal W. Jago, Imperial Light Horse.

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The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"PIKERTON'S PEERAGE"

FOR some reason which the philosophical observer may be left to explain, politics and the stage have hitherto been somewhat in the position of "crabbed age and youth." They have found it, at least, hard to "live together." Will Mr. Anthony Hope's new comedy at the GARRICK prove an exception to this rule? That a considerable part of *Pikerton's Peerage* greatly amused the audience on Monday evening is beyond doubt; the author's eye for humorous character and his talent for writing brisk and sprightly dialogue promised no less; but there were other parts in which the cynical note was felt to be a trifle too elaborately sustained and the vein of sentiment which the author has endeavoured to associate with his political cynicism did not very happily co-mingle. Mr. Hope's play, the first act of which introduces us to the attendance of the Prime Minister Horatio Mangan, M.P., in Downing Street, where his private secretary, the Hon. Lucius Vandean, C.B., and the youthful Earl of Addisworth, his assistant, are seen in the first act engaged in strenuous idleness, is concerned with the humours of Ministerial patronage. The Government are in difficulties. Their Patagonian policy has entailed disaster; they have lost one or two by-elections; and another, for the Wrenford Division, is pending, failure in which would bring about a crisis; while to add to the Premier's embarrassments everybody who is able to help him, seems to be keeping a sharp eye on the next distribution of Birthday honours. Even Addisworth thinks he should get the C.B. because his father is a Duke, with influence in the constituencies. But the greatest plague of all is Joshua Pilkerton, familiarly known as "save-your-penny Pilkerton," who has made a colossal fortune in trade, and who privately clamours for a Peerage, and is influential enough to get his claims supported by high and mighty personages. Feminine interest is brought to bear in the person of a youthful and charming widow, Lady Hetty Wrey, who, with the unconscious aid of Pilkerton's sweet and fascinating daughter Ida, succeeds in inducing both Vandean and Addisworth to spend a day at the millionaire's stately country house. Love affairs ripen quickly on the stage. Between lunch and dinner, Vandean falls desperately in love with Ida; while a tenderness between Pilkerton's son Jack and Lady Hetty develops at a furious rate. But Pilkerton, whose business habit it is to help nobody who will not or cannot help him, makes it a condition of his consent, that the love-stricken young men shall further his designs in Downing Street. Meanwhile, he imposes on Vandean a pledge to abstain from private interviews with his daughter. The terrible distress of mind of the simple, loving Ida when she finds her lover estranged, was depicted by Mrs. Maesmore Morris with a degree of passion which would have been very effective in a serious drama, but in the midst of these artificial surroundings the exaggeration was too obvious. How the pushing Pilkerton, in the fourth and last act, makes his way into the Ministerial sanctum and wins the much-coveted "peerage" need not be told. It is enough that Pilkerton is a great employer of labour in the Wrenford Division, and able to bring an overwhelming weight of influence to bear on the Ministerial side; though why he did not begin the game with

this trump card, instead of playing fruitless tricks with the hearts of young lovers, does not appear. Witty lines and amusing situations, however, triumphed over all defects, and the comedy achieved a very decided first-night success. The acting could hardly be improved. Mr. Bouchier brought all his natural vivacity and art of making points to the part of Vandean, and Miss Eva Moore was more winning than ever as the resourceful widow. Mr. Esmond was also in his best light vein as Addisworth, and Mr. Jerrold Robertson's hard-headed, inflexible Pilkerton was a very clever study of eccentric character. Nor must we forget the distinction and agreeable suavity of Mr. Edmond Maurice's harassed but always buoyant Prime Minister.

"MICE AND MEN"

After some preliminary performances in the country, Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley's *Mice and Men* has found its way to town, and was given on Monday evening at the LYRIC Theatre by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his company for the first time in London. The result is a conspicuous triumph for the American lady dramatist, who, though she has already contributed some notable work to our stage, has hitherto done nothing that can compare with her latest production. The rumours that had reached us of the story of the new play were not very promising. It was said that the theme was substantially that of Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes* and Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, better known to our stage as *The Country Girl* of David Garrick, in which latter piece the frolicsome humour of Miss Ada Rehan has, in recent times, been seen to advantage, and the circumstance that its heroine bears the name of "Peggy" seemed to indicate that the accomplished author was desirous of acknowledging obligation to Garrick's adaptation. It was also said that the story had been in part suggested by a well-known anecdote of the eccentric Thomas Day, author of *Sanford and Merton*, and his friend, Mr. Bicknel, who, having caused two poor girls to be educated on certain philosophic principles, with a view to finding in them model wives, were, like Molière's Arnolphe, destined to be rewarded for their pains with bitter disappointment. Rumour for once was more or less correct, and it cannot be denied that thus stated Mrs. Ryley's theme looks trite and familiar enough. But her obligations to these sources only serve to enhance her triumph; for she has with rare skill changed the very key of the story. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Mark Embury, "Scholar, Scientist and Philanthropist," is, with his advanced views on education that recall Rousseau's Emile, no fatuous theorist or ridiculous victim of the intrigues of unscrupulous profligates, but a high-minded gentleman of polished manners and of a most lovable nature. His Peggy, it is true, whom he had adopted from the ranks of the Foundling Hospital girls, gives her heart to her benefactor's nephew, the dashing young captain, but there are touches of pathos in the scene, wherein gratitude to her benefactor and love of Captain George, whose innocence of certain changes that had estranged the young couple, Embury himself unwittingly reveals, struggles for mastery. The forces, however, are unequal, and Mark Embury—whose familiarity with Burns, by the way, at that early period of the poet's career is somewhat remarkable—is reluctantly compelled to confess that "the best-laid schemes of mice an' men gang aft a-gley." The play is admirably acted. That the audience, though ratifying Peggy's choice, are constrained to feel a strong sympathy for the more mature suitor, must be ascribed in great part to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's fine impersonation. Nor is the dramatist

less deeply indebted to Miss Gertrude Elliott, whose unconscious equity and thoroughly womanly instincts seem, as it were, to grow and ripen under the eyes of the audience.

"MADEMOISELLE MARS"

Mr. Paul Kester, in his *Mademoiselle Mars*, seems to have been too anxious to afford opportunities for the talents and also for the beautiful dresses of Mrs. Langtry to concern himself much about the impression made by other prominent performers—forgetting that the effect that a leading actress can create is largely dependent upon her surroundings. The young Duc d'Aumont, the hero of the story, who more than once owes his life to the quick-witted actress, is, though played with manly grace and sincerity by Mr. Frank Dyall, an unfinished sketch, and the love-making between him and his protectress is rather suggested than seen. Mr. Waller's Napoleon, moreover, though marvellous in make-up and admirable as a study of character, is far too easily baffled and set at naught to convey the idea of the great Emperor, seen as he is in the very height of his despotic power. With all these drawbacks, however, Mrs. Langtry's *Mademoiselle Mars* is a very captivating personage, and her long-drawn-out trial of wits with her haughty, vindictive and for a while triumphant rival, Mlle. Leverd of the Comédie Française, is full of clever points, though the performance was a trifle lacking on the first night in spontaneity. The part of Mlle. Leverd falls to Miss Madge McIntosh, who plays it with abundant energy. The scenery is excellent, and the costumes—both those that are worn and those which are brought forth out of the luggage of the company of the Comédie Française on their travels, will, doubtless, excite the admiration of visitors, *qui s'y connaissent*.

MUSICAL NOTES

THE principal choral concert was given by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall this week, when the revised version of Mr. Coleridge Taylor's Leeds Festival Cantata *The Blind Girl of Castel Cnill* was produced. The music itself has not been very much changed, although there is a different distribution of the parts; little Paul's music, formerly sung by a baritone, now being given to an extremely clever youth, Master Phillips, while a contralto soloist is introduced for the part of Crippled Jane, formerly allotted to the chorus. Other alterations have been made, apparently with the idea to give further variety to music, which, however, is still not a little monotonous. At the Queen's Hall Ballad Concert on Saturday, several new songs were introduced, the most successful being Mr. Edward Fleming's bright song, "The Stranger in the Teacup," capably sung by Miss Ruth Vincent; and a new sacred song with organ obbligato. The new season of the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts likewise commenced this week with a programme of ballads and other things, announced to be rendered by Messrs. Ben Davies, Green, Farkas, Price, Backhaus, and Rumford, Madame Gomez, Miss Pettican, Miss Paulsen and Mrs. Raymond Roze, the last the wife of the well-known theatrical conductor and the daughter-in-law of Madame Marie Roze, who was one of her teachers.

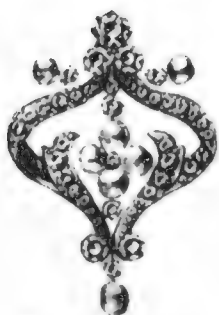
For the first time for nine years, the Hopkinson Gold Medal at the Royal College of Music has been won by a male pianist—Mr. E. Howard Jones, who gained an open free scholarship at the College in 1892.

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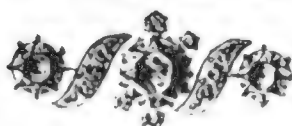
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DIAMOND MINING AT KIMBERLEY

EARLY pioneers who knew the Kimberley diamond fields thirty years ago have described their appearance as resembling nothing so much as a number of gigantic tan-yards, where the tan-pits represented the excavated claims and the spaces between each pit stood for the roadways and haulageways. No one then had any idea that the diamondiferous earth, the yellow ground that was then alone known, was anything more than a mere surface deposit. Many of the first explorers, having exhausted their yellow ground, abandoned their claims without ever making the discovery that the underlying "Blue" ground was, in actual fact, the richer repository of the precious stones. Geologists have suggested that the "Blue," the true home of the diamond, was formed in the funnel vents of old volcanoes. Nowadays, everyone recognises the value of "Blue" ground, which is, on the average, much richer than the old yellow surface ground.

A startling contrast is presented between the diamond camp as described above and the present city of Kimberley, which, in the early stages of the South African War, had to undergo a siege of 125 days at the hands of the Boers. Among the most exposed defences of the city during the siege was the property of the Otto's Kopje Diamond Mines, Limited, where the tailing heaps and buildings were fortified by Colonel Kekewich, and occupied by British troops. Otto's Kopje has been for many years past a regular producer of first class diamonds. In its early days one of the pioneers of the period, O'Leary by name, carried down a shaft to a depth of 800 feet, and met with great success. Unfortunately, he and his friends exhausted their capital, and when the public order was issued, in consequence of a fire at De Beers, that no mine should be worked that had not at least two shafts, the underground workings were abandoned. The mine is now worked in the open like a quarry, the 100ft. level being in the "Yellow" ground, and the 170ft. level at the beginning of the "Blue." An aerial gear has recently been completed at a cost of £4,000, by the aid of which rapid developments are being made at the 200ft. level. At the end of December a 50ft. face was opened for working entirely on "Blue" ground. After the raising of the siege of Kimberley some time necessarily elapsed before mining could be resumed. However, between June, 1900, and November, 1901, washing operations were carried on intermittently at Otto's Kopje, though for the most part the upper grounds only were worked.



THE WORKS AT OTTO'S KOPJE, WITH KIMBERLEY IN THE DISTANCE

Nevertheless, the mine produced within that period no less than 6,647 carats of diamonds, which were sold for £16,274.

When the amalgamation of the De Beers and Kimberley Mines was carried through in 1889, and the diamond market for the first time placed under control by the stoppage of cut-throat competition, South African diamonds were realising, for the first time in the history of the industry, so high a price as 30s. per carat. The benefit of the controlled market thus secured is now experienced by all producers of diamonds alike. The average price obtained for Otto's Kopje diamonds during the year ended June, 1901, was 49s. 10d. per carat, ranging from 12s. to 23s. 3d. for the poorest to 100s. to 150s. for the best quality stones. The working during 1901 was seriously hampered by the difficulty in obtaining native labour. The present washing operations are on an average scale of about 6,000 loads per week. The minimum capacity of the plant now completed is 20,000 loads per week, and as soon as that output is reached a return of 3½ carats per 100 loads is estimated to yield sufficient

to pay the full dividend on the preference capital and a small dividend on the ordinary. A return of five carats per 100 loads would mean dividends of ten per cent. on both classes of shares, and in the opinion of the Directors this eventuality is within reasonable range. It is on record that Mr. O'Leary and his friends discovered in the 300ft. and 350ft. levels of their single shaft diamonds of the average value of fourteen to twenty-four carats per 100 loads. The management now is waiting for the end of the war, when the Military authorities will no longer forestall the mines in securing the lion's share of the native labour. With the additional force of 200 Cape "Boys" which will then be available, double night and day shifts will be set to work, and the full capacity of the machinery employed. One good feature in the position is that the company has plenty of working capital, and in Mr. Chapman, its General Manager, the Proprietors have a zealous and competent official whose one ambition is that Otto's Kopje shall vindicate its promise of ranking amongst the best diamond-producing mines in the Kimberley district.



THE 200-FOOT LEVEL AT OTTO'S KOPJE, SHOWING THE NEW AERIAL GEAR



THE 100-FOOT LEVEL AT OTTO'S KOPJE, SHOWING PILE OF "BLUE" BROUGHT UP FROM 150 FEET LEVEL

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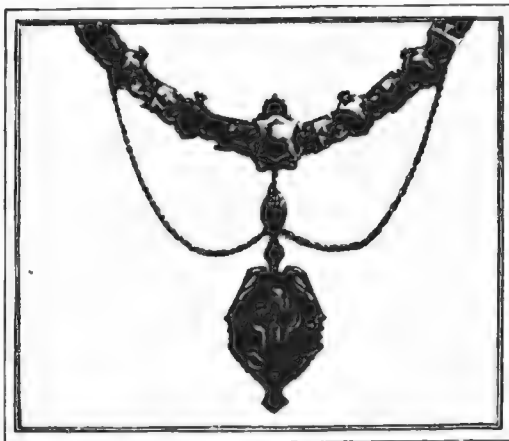
"ESSAYS BY AN EX-LIBRARIAN" **

THIS is a delightful book, and one of a class of literature that is all too uncommon nowadays—a volume written by a scholar, of scholars and for scholars. Dr. Garnett possesses all those faculties, or qualities, that go to make a critic of the highest order. His knowledge of books and of their writers is most extensive; he is generous to a fault, broadminded and tolerant. It would be presumption on our part to attempt to criticise the twelve masterly essays contained in this book. They are, one and all, admirably written, and each one of them gives evidence of deep thought and clear reasoning. Many of them we have read before, but on re-reading them we are only more than ever convinced of the truth of Dr. Garnett's remarks and judgment. The first essay, "On Translating Homer," proves that the writer has wonderful intuitive feeling as to what is right or wrong, what is in good taste or bad, regarding the form of poetry or prose that certain subjects demand in translation. The essay on "The Date of the *Imphel*" is also a marvellous piece of clear reasoning. But, best of all—but this is a purely personal opinion—we like those more human critiques on Thomas Moore, Thomas Love Peacock, Emerson and Matthew Arnold. In the last-named essay, in particular, one cannot help being struck by the complete fairness of Dr. Garnett's criticism. Much as he admired Arnold, he was not blind to his faults, for of one of his poems he says—he might have said it of some others—that it "smells somewhat of the lamp." Yet what higher praise could be bestowed on a poet than this:—"His first charm, to our mind, is depth of pathos, and, in the next place, beauty of description, exquisite but not obtrusive." It is not surprising, after that, that the writer agrees with Mr. Frederick Harrison, "that Arnold's fame will mainly rest upon his poetry, and that it will be durable, pure and high." For those who are fond of good literature and erudite, pure criticism, there is a treat in store in this charming volume.

"THE END OF AN EPOCH"

Somewhere during the present century, so we learn from A. Lincoln Green's chronicle of "The End of an Epoch" (Blackwood and Sons), one Professor Azrael Falk will have succeeded in evolving, from the *materia morbi* of dengue, tetanus, influenza, the African "sleeping sickness," acute infectious meningitis, and bubonic plague, a triumph of science which he will term *Bacillus Paradoxus*. This creature, accidentally let loose, will in an astounding short time depopulate the world: no human being will be left alive save persons protected from infection by semic decay: a certain Adam Godwin who, while in the whole vigour of athletic youth, has been experimented upon by the Professor with an anti-toxin; and a splendid specimen of young womanhood, Miss Evelyn Morpeth, absent on an excursion to the North Pole when the *bacillus* began his work; and the sole recipient of the same prophylactic on her return. From this new Adam and Eve, the highest types of their respective sexes, we are to suppose that a regenerated human race will repopulate the world. The story, however, deals first with the spread of the mysterious epidemic; and then of the rapid relapse of England into a state of savage nature. The book is essentially a scientific *fantasy*—and an undeniably

** "Essays of an Ex-Librarian." By Richard Garnett. (Heinemann.)



A gold Mayoral Chain and Badge have been presented to the Borough of Fulham by Mr. Timothy Davies. The badge is oval in shape, having in the centre a figure in enamel in relief of a maiden rising out of a marshy and muddy state to a flourishing condition; above are depicted two cranes or fowls, signifying, as given by some authorities, the derivation or origin of the name of Fulham, and below appears the head of Father Thames, the river at one time running through the Borough. The chain and badge were designed by Mr. Ernest Avera and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, Regent Street.

A MAYORAL CHAIN AND BADGE FOR FULHAM

clever one, despite its length and labour. And, since many a true word is spoken in jest, who may presume to say what may not be accomplished by some enthusiastic biologist who loves his *bacilli* less wisely than well? Meanwhile readers may look forward to good speculative entertainment from Mr. Lincoln Green's carefully devised imaginations, without the least fear of being over-horried.

"THE HAPPENINGS OF JILL"

Who has not heard an anything but clever speech delivered by an obviously clever man? One gets something of the same sensation in reading "Jota's" "The Happenings of Jill" (Hutchinson and Co.). And the oratorical comparison is the more forced upon the reader by the flood of talk poured forth by the persons of the novel—the more especially by Jill Devereux, its heroine, who enlarges on metaphysics, theology, psychology, and anything of sufficient size that turns up, from the age of thirteen. She even discusses the personality of Evil while setting out for her first ball. In the conduct of life she proves to be a sad, though sympathetic, goose; and she appropriately cackles. But it is unquestionably clever cackle only too clever for *raisonnable*, while her whole knowledge of the world was derived from a little Irish island. The story is slight, but lively—how she loved the wrong man, but married the right; and how (with that exception) the epigram on Charles II. might be applied to Jill—"who never said a foolish thing, And never did a wise one."

"THE FALL OF LORD PADDOCKSLEA"

Mr. Lionel Langton's parliamentary romance (William H. Mann) has the merit of putting into very plain language in a great many things concerning party politics that a great many people only venture to think, and a great many more merely hint. His hitting is sharp and hard, and not without the note of personal suggestion by his title. His love story is little more than a pretence for the sake of a moral which is little likely to commend itself to contemporary forms of ambition. Nor will we admit that his view of men and things—and women, especially of the American variety—are unimpeachably fair. But to turn things inside out, and to compel the overhauling of ideas, have their own peculiar uses; and these, at any rate, Mr. Langton's light and lively volume should efficaciously serve.

"MISS PAUNCEFORT'S PERIL"

The question of the re-marriage of divorced persons is becoming one of the established subjects of "problem" novels. Of course it is as easy for a novelist to present one side of the question as the other. Mrs. Charles Martin, to several of whose stories we have had the pleasure of awarding high praise, put forward, in "Miss Pouncefort's Peril" (John Long), the view necessarily taken by an excellent Roman Catholic priest and his more than excellent mother. The "peril" incurred by Bertha Pouncefort is that of loss of such faith as she had—it was evidently not much to start with—by the temptation to surrender one of its principles. The love-business, with the plot generally, is too subordinate to the "problem" to be of importance on its own account. A scene where Miss Pouncefort is in a more sensational sort of "peril" among quicksands during the inrush of a Solway-like tide, is excitingly described; and the "problem" of how she got out of it proves much more interesting than that which is, after all, and as a matter of course, left unsolved for unmade-up minds.

"DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS"

The subject of this volume is one, as the author has already discovered, that interests an unexpected number of people. The book is the outcome of a short article written by Mr. Hutchinson in *Longman's Magazine*, asking for "lights" as to the problem of certain dreams which appear to be common to almost all men, viz., the dream that one is flying; that one is falling over a precipice; and the dream that one is inadequately dressed in an assemblage of fully clothed persons. The answers he got were so numerous, that he determined to go more deeply into the subject, the volume before us being the result. In the opening pages, sleep and dreams are treated from a scientific standpoint. He quotes many eminent authorities on sleep and on dreams, and we are bound to say, that as hardly any two of them agree, we do not get much "forerunner" in the elucidation of the mystery. The second part of the volume is written by a collaborator, and consists mostly of accounts of telepathic dreams, or dreams in which dual personality comes into play, taken, for the greater part, from the records of the Psychical Research Society. Even those who are sceptical as to dreams fortelling events must admit that the cases related in this volume are, to put it mildly, coincidences of the most extraordinary character. And in every case the dreams in question are fully authenticated by independent witnesses.

Dreams and Their Meanings. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Longmans.)



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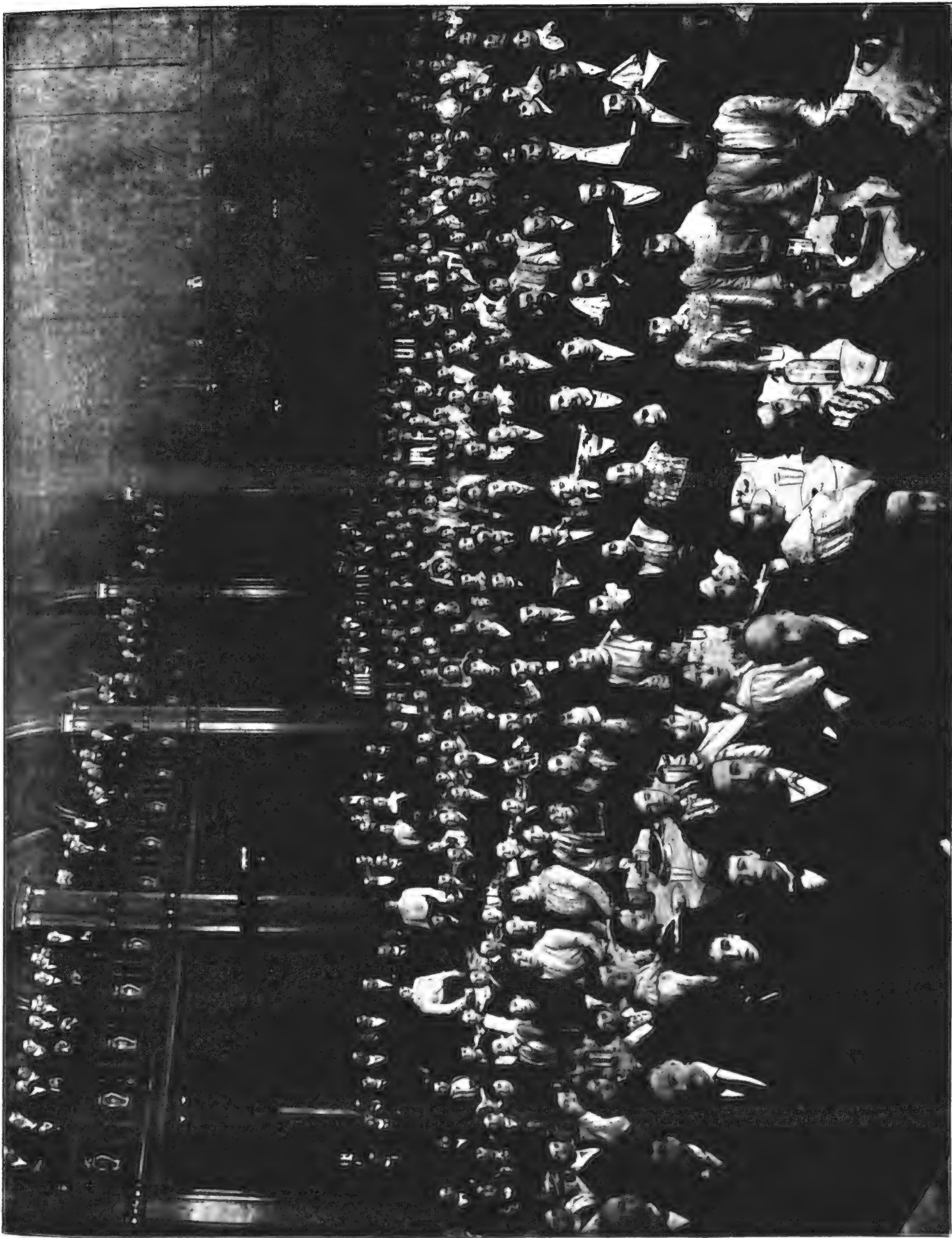


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The office staff filled the galleries, while the main body of the Hall was reserved for people from the Kentish Town and Stratford Works. The Chairman and his wife shook hands with all the people, who presented some beautiful presents. One man said he had worked for thirty years, and had never had such a good time, and another said he had "eight dinners himself" (meaning, course). All the people are given a summer vacation, their time being paid for the same as when at work. One old man at a place, the Company bought, on being told to go for his fortnight's vacation, said it was the first holiday he had had for fifty years. In concluding his remarks, the Chairman said: "In a remote region of darkness is a beautiful, so man whose name is Eurydice. She is the sweetheart, the well-

beloved of Orpheus. Orpheus wants to bring her out of the darkness into the light. How can he do so? He is told that if he will go to her she will follow him out, but he must trust to her to follow, and he must not look back. Again and again does Orpheus repair to this dark region for Eurydice, and, turning round, he walks toward the light. But when he gets almost out, his impatience overcomes him, his curiosity is so great that he cannot withstand the strain, and he looks back to see if Eurydice follows. Then she vanishes. Each time she disappears, Orpheus, who is for ever hearing a great boulder up the hill which for ever rolls back upon him, looks for ever turns his wheel of fate, cease for a space, while tears run down the fruit's cheeks. Some time there will be no looking back, and Eurydice will be free. It is so with your future too. Some time, advancing, and never looking back, will bring you where you want to be—out of the region of dreams, and setbacks, and waiting. But it takes time. I hope this New Year's dinner will give you all pleasure—a half, a quarter, a eighth, a hundredth part of the pleasure it has given me. I wish you all, with all my heart, a very Happy New Year."

"A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND" *

In this interesting volume Captain Lee has produced a full and detailed history from Anglo-Saxon times down to the present day. He traces the gradual evolution of our present-day police from the Thanes of King Alfred's reign. To the majority of readers the latter part of the book will probably prove of the greatest interest—that is, from the time when Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street, instituted the Bow Street Foot Patrol, known later as the Bow Street Runners. These men proved most efficient in the detection of crime and the taking of criminals, but unfortunately later they sadly deteriorated, and one or two of them succeeded in amassing considerable fortunes, the result principally of bribery. The information that the author imparts regarding the formation of the new police, its gradual improvement, and the rules and regulations concerning its constitution at the present time, is well worthy of study.

"A WINTER PILGRIMAGE IN PALESTINE, ITALY AND CYPRUS" †

We are so accustomed to regard Mr. Rider Haggard as a novel-writer, that his more serious works (from the reader's point of view, of course), take us rather by surprise. Although we do not pretend to a knowledge of agriculture, we found his "Farmer's Year" one of the most interesting of volumes, and although we have not visited the places included in his "Winter Pilgrimage," it proved one of the most entertaining "books of travel" that it has been our good

* "A History of Police in England." By Captain W. L. Melville Lee. (Methuen.)

† "A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy and Cyprus." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)


fortune to come across. Mr. Haggard is the lucky possessor of all the attributes that go to make a successful writer of this class of literature—experience, keen observation, a deep insight into human nature, a thorough knowledge of history, and, above all—and this is, more often than not, wanting in authors of "Travels"—a genuine sense of humour. The "neglected British possession, the fair island of Cyprus" was the main object of his journeyings. He wanted to point out—and he has succeeded, most convincingly—what a truly lovely spot it is; how fine its ruins, and how marvellous its history, and beyond that, how useful a place it might become if the Government would only view his suggestions in the proper light. It is rough travelling in this little island, for, although in its total area it is not larger than Norfolk and Suffolk, locomotion is difficult owing to the impassable nature of the ways and the steepness of the mountains. Mr. Haggard and his nephew, on donkeys, accompanied by a boy whom they christened with the euphonious name of "Cablages" (as being the nearest they could get to his proper cognomen), explored the whole of Cyprus, diving into tombs, scrambling over ruins, attending native wedding ceremonies and funerals—making, in short, a thorough, yet enjoyable, study of its people and places. From Cyprus the author and his companion pursued their way to the Holy Land. Although they passed over well-trodden ground, Mr. Haggard treats of it in quite a new and refreshing style—in fact, this volume will be indispensable to all future travellers either in Italy, Cyprus, or Palestine, and they will owe a debt of gratitude—as also do the stay-at-home folks—to the writer for his humorous, instructive, and eminently literary "book of travel." It is only necessary to add that the volume is capitally illustrated.

"AN IDOL IN BRONZE"

Louise Palmer Heaven's Mexican romance (Greening and Co.) is distinguished from the old-fashioned run of elopement-stories by a picturesqueness of detail which can only be derived from actual knowledge of the life described. The conventional young woman who escaped from a forced and hateful marriage into the arms of a heroic and chivalrous outlaw used to be as little of a reality in a novel as upon the stage. The beautiful Carmen Valdivia, however, obtains unconventional interest as a typical illustration of the conflict between advanced ideas and antique traditions—in short, of the effect of putting modern wine into ancient bottles. And her elopement, or abduction, whichever it may be called, in the Lochinvar style, with all that led to it, is told with such fulness of incident and colour as to make one forget that, after all, the hero of the romance is little better than a savage, and its heroine not a bit better than an exceptionally silly and naughty girl.

"THE CASE OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE"

It seems long since the ever-welcome name of Theo. Gift appeared upon a title-page. "The Case of a Man and His Wife" (Anthony Treherne and Co.) belongs uncompromisingly to the class of "problem" novels: the particular question for solution being how far circumstances may extenuate the offence of bigamy. There is, of course, by way of precedent, the *cause célèbre* in which Mr. Justice Maule, before divorce was made cheap and easy, held that justice might be satisfied with imprisonment for the term of one calendar day. But Theo. Gift's is not the judicial but the ethical standpoint. Was Mary Westlake morally justified, not only in disappearing out of the life of a devoted husband because he




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wanted more love than she could give him, but, in the character of an unmarried woman, becoming the wife of the man who was as unquestionably as much her "elective affinity" as man or woman can be? Her pleas appear to be, firstly, that she could not help it; secondly, that, under the certainly very peculiar circumstances, nobody would be wronged so long as nobody knew. Unluckily—or otherwise—she failed to take conscience into her reckoning; and, whatever else may be thought of her, nobody can help being touched with her story as told by herself in the letter which she intended to be buried with her. Why in the world she wrote it we cannot pretend to guess; but, being written, its utter pathos places it beyond the reach of criticism. When the case of a Mary Westlake is presented by a *Theo. Gift*, there is no course for the prosecuting counsel but to fold up his brief and withdraw.

"THE HOUSE DIVIDED"

"The House Divided: A Novel," by H. B. Marriott-Watson (Harper and Brothers), is a horrible tale indeed. The hero kills his father and is killed by his brother; the heroine (we are almost, though not absolutely, sure) kills herself; in short, all the members of the House of Mallory, both previously to the opening of the story and during its course, act as if their mission were to demonstrate the truth of the maxim about Heaven first sending mad those whom it purposes to destroy. Otherwise there is but little novelty about the persons of Mr. Watson's wholesale tragedy, from the savage and despotic old Earl, who knows no law but his own will, to the amiable young gentleman from New England, who has hitherto

generally hailed from Virginia. For the period is 1732-33; and the author has been at praiseworthy pains to give his work a periodic colour, in point of portraiture, manners, and style. The talk of his personages is characteristic, if more than a trifle stilted; the narrative is often picturesque, but too invariably stilted and sombre. His actors, and actresses, play up to their parts with spirit; but one never loses sight of the footlights, even when called upon to applaud.

"THE REAL WORLD"

The "Real" world, according to the experience of Jack Pemberton, the hero of Mr. Robert Herrick's novel (Macmillan and Co.), is only to be discovered by the way of self-conquest. Until the moment of that discovery, men and women—meaning especially one woman—had appeared to him under a sort of glamour; after it, though illusion after illusion had been lost, it was the bare reality that proved the best worth having. It is true that Jack was pre-eminently calculated for making the voyage of life more successfully than most—it is scarcely to be guilty of a bull to say of him that he could not have yielded to a temptation if he had tried. None the less, Mr. Herrick makes it perfectly clear that his immunity from disaster was certainly not due to coldness of nature, but to sheer strength of principle and will. He is none the less of an ordinary man, even while he is something better. The setting of the novel is wholly American, and is interesting from that point of view as illustrating the openness of careers, social and professional, under Transatlantic conditions, to a man who has no capital beyond pluck and brains.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

JANUARY has done something to make up the arrears of moisture due to the subsoil, but in its exceedingly high mean temperature it has been too forcing to the autumn-sown crops. Wheat has grown far too fast, and is often showing a spindly development threatening to sustain serious injury if February or March give us any severe spell of frost. Farmers, however, are glad to see how the rye sown for early sheep feed has come on. The meadows afford just a little bite to stock, which is a welcome change from artificial feeding, even though the bite be very small. The young lambs have benefited by the mildness, and the "doubles" in the early flocks have not been so numerous for many years. But the chief flocks of the country are not so early as this, and the balance will be against the farmer if he pays for a mild January by a harsh March. The Cornish gardens where December frost was escaped have yielded a rich harvest of hyacinths, amaryllis and the like—even the pheasant-eye narcissus is out in the most sheltered spots. Bulbs in the pot are now offered so cheaply that the habit of raising them at home is declining. There has been a good deal of English corn sold during the past month, farmers having too often lost heart, even holding for the rise which never seemed to come.

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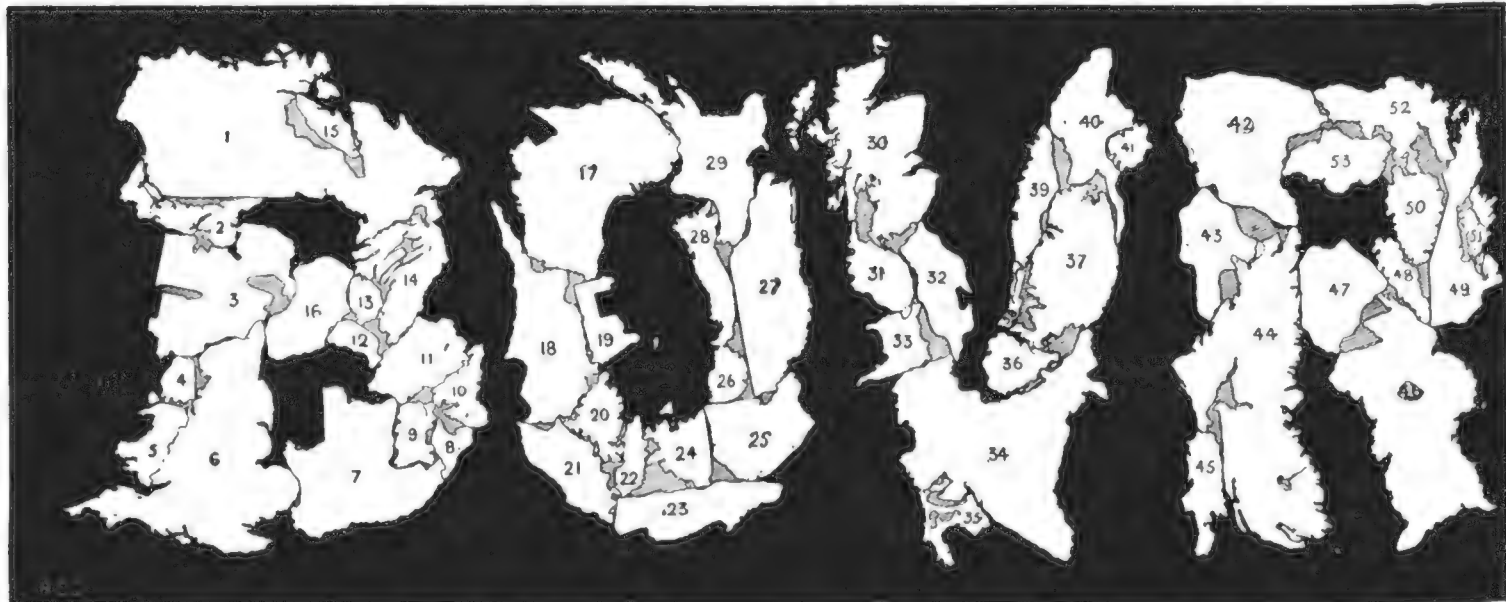
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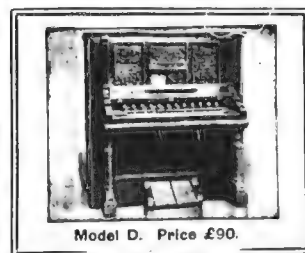
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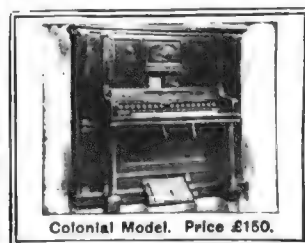
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England, where the biggest estates are the best managed and are worked on the longest average leases. What is the cause of many losses from the villages is the migratory habits of the newer type of farmer. The labourer, being no longer sure of employment, is forced to think of change, and to face a change of masters is little less hard than to face a change of employment. Those who know how their men are literally "Tom, Dick and Harry" to the farmers of the good old sort, will realise with what bitterness and disappointment a middle-aged labourer of the better class, a thatcher or a shepherd, will speak of a farm where he has seen half a dozen farmers in five-and-twenty years. Yet the actual farming agreement in England now averages three years only, and many farmers are loth to bind themselves even for that brief while. The plan of "moving on" is a dangerous one. It is bad for the locality, bad for the labourer, bad for the land, which requires time in which the farmer may learn to understand the peculiarities of every holding. Landlords too often like short agreements at a good

rent, though they know it means a policy of exhausting the land and then "shifting" on the part of the tenant.

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Cowkeepers, farmers, and even landowners are up in arms against the new Government requirement that cowsheds should provide one thousand cubic feet of air space for each cow. This means that no cow shall be put off with less than a room ten feet long, ten feet broad and ten feet high. The Cheshire farmers have held an indignation meeting, and "the cows' drawing-room" is the name applied to the new Government cowshed. We suppose that the sanitary inspectors have a good answer to Lord Newton, who thinks so much air space in the shed to be positively bad for the cow, but the most serious objection is that while inspectors are month by month increasing the cost of English farming by their drastic demands our foreign competitors are under no such a régime.

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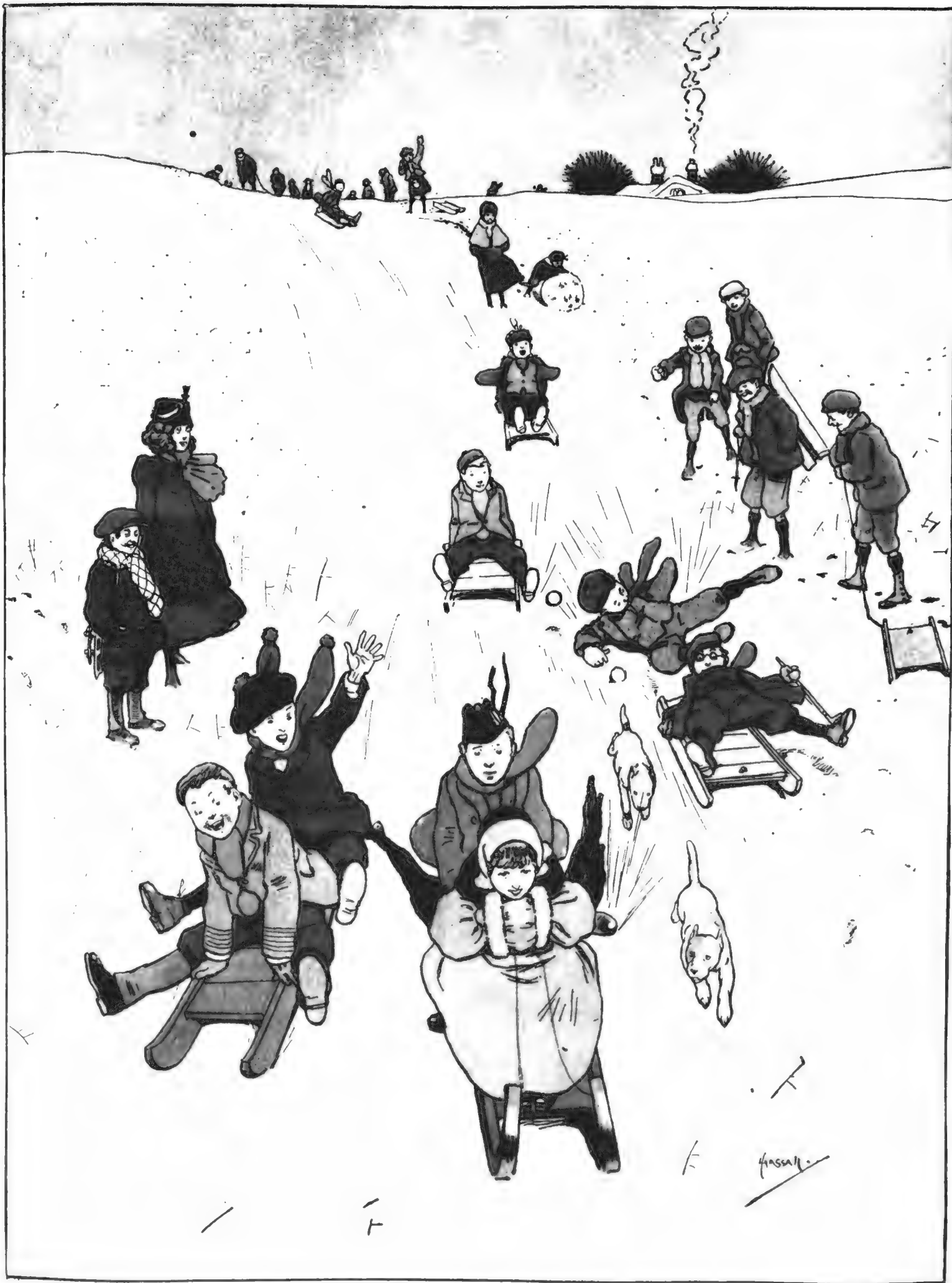
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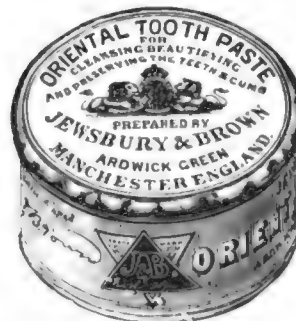
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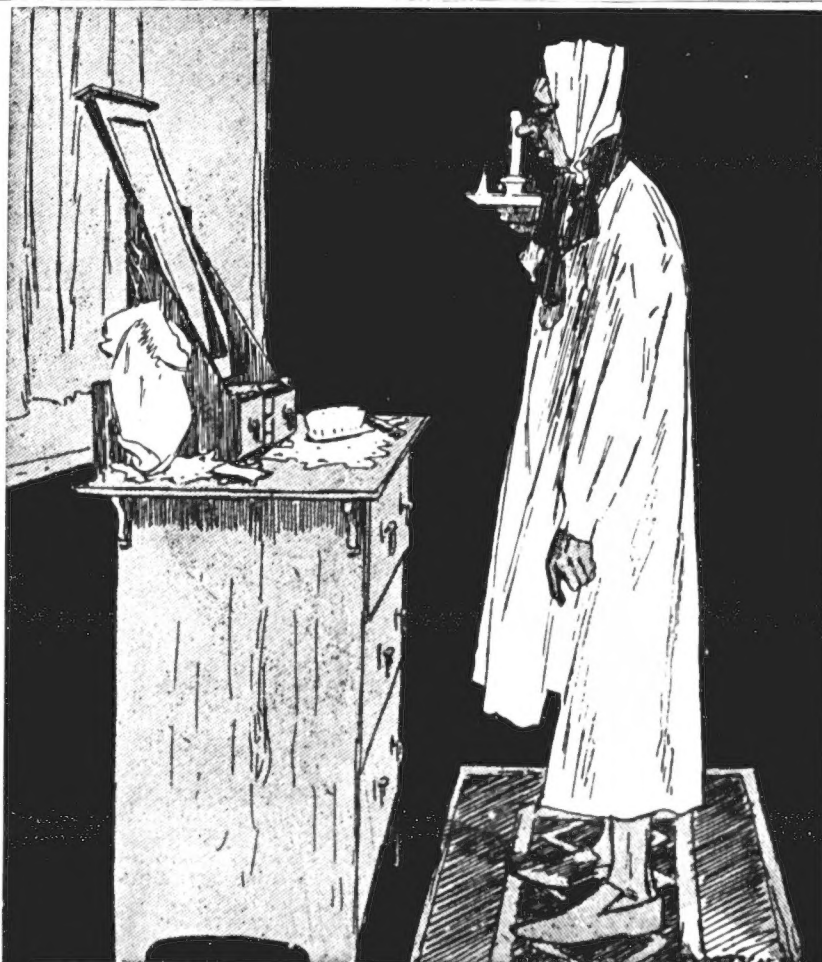
LOOK OUT!

Avoid getting wet, avoid going out in the damp air on foggy days or nights, but if you get wet or catch cold, **Look Out** for the nearest Chemist, who will sell you the best remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throats, etc. . . .

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

They are manufactured by the eminent French chemist, M. A. Geraudel, at his factory, Sainte - Menehoule (Marne), France; and are an absolutely sure remedy, which can be safely given to children or adults. They are largely used by the clergy, the legal and theatrical professions, and those who require to keep their throats in the best of order.

Six Dozen in a Tube for 1/1½
OF ALL CHEMISTS.



DON'T RUB YOUR NOSE!

Don't rub your nose with a candle if you have a cold, it's too old-fashioned a remedy for these days; but should you have any trouble with your lungs or bronchial tubes, or if you cough, use

GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

72 in a Tube 1/1½

NO ROAD!

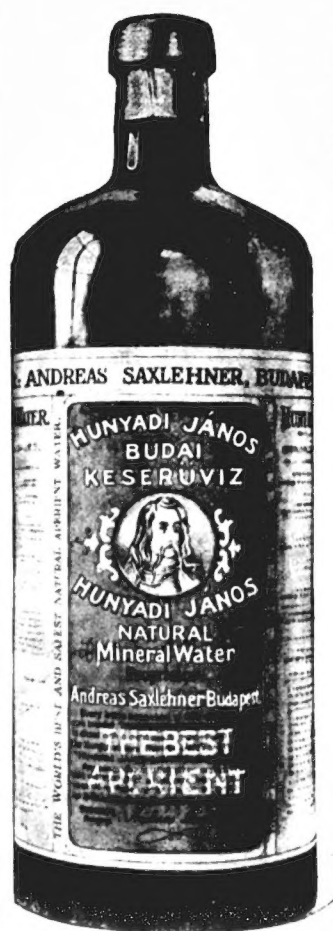
There is no road from the stomach to the lungs. Consequently no use putting physic into the stomach to cure the lungs. You must inhale. Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of **Pine Tar**, the chief ingredient of

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

It is marvellous in its effect on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, and is freely given off whilst they are dissolving in the mouth, and so carried directly to the seat of trouble in the lungs. Don't forget there is **NO ROAD** any other way. Remedies which profess to cure through the stomach, or which contain narcotics in any form are poisonous.

Six Dozen in a Tube for 1/1½
OF ALL CHEMISTS.

"A healthy complexion is the outward sign of a good digestion."



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It rids the system of all irritating material, stimulates the appetite, promotes digestion, and secures a

CLEAR COMPLEXION.



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CAUTION.—Every bottle bears the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, on the label.



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